Sports Illustrated
JULY 1, 1968 40 CENTS

The Black Athlete – A Shameful Story




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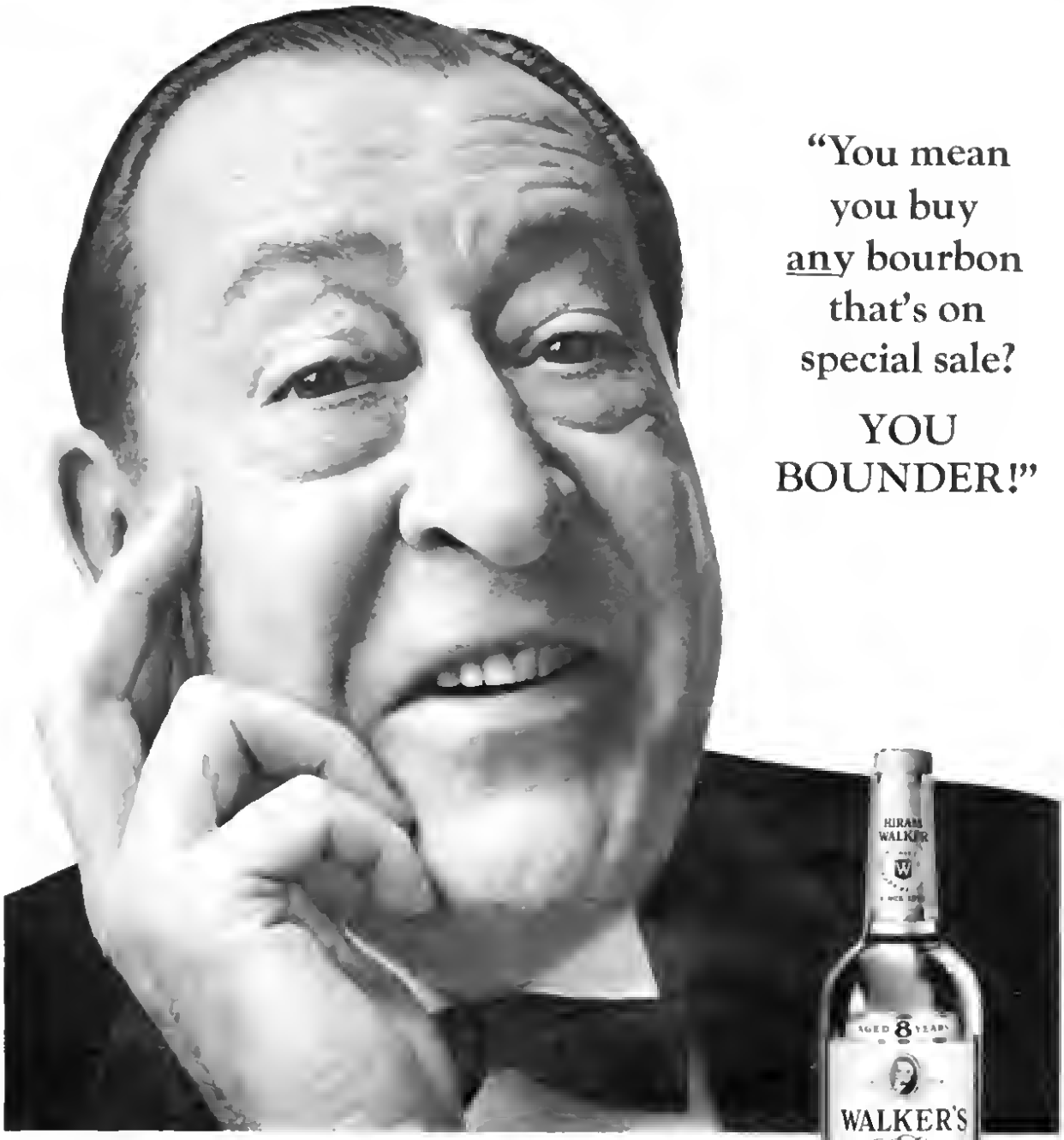
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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc 540 N Michigan Ave, Chicago, Ill 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N Y 10020, James A Linen, President, D W Brumbaugh Treasurer, John F Harvey, Secretary Second-class postage paid at Chicago Ill and at additional mailing offices Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa Canada and for payment of postage in cash Continental U S subscriptions $9 a year, Alaska, Canada, Hawaii Puerto Rico Virgin Islands $10 a year military personnel anywhere in the world $6 a year, all others $14 a year

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WILLIAMS ON HITTING Forget the excuses There is a way to bat In pictures and words, Boston's great slugger shows how in the concluding installment of his life in baseball

THE OLYMPIC TRIALS in Los Angeles will be the penultimate test for the track and field athletes who hope to represent the U S in Mexico City this fall John Underwood reports

HOUSEBOATING may seem like a stodgy sport to some, but not to the intrepid souls who joined Bob Ottum to sail the tropic seas in the houseboat called *Rufus Parnelli*

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On page 12 of this week's issue we begin a series of articles that seem certain to rank as the most socially significant this magazine has ever published. *The Black Athlete—A Shameful Story* is an investigation into the lives of Negro participants in sport—both amateur and professional—in present-day America. The revelations contained in the series will bring the reader a new appreciation of the problems and attitudes of the black athletes whose performances all of us as sports fans cheer so enthusiastically but about whom we know so little.

The series is the product of four months of research in an area that here-



OLSEN: HATE AND HAMBURGERS

tofore has never been surveyed in its entirety. It began last winter when key correspondents across the country were asked to do extensive background interviews with athletes, coaches, educators and prominent people in the Negro community. Their reports alone constituted a major body of work—some 150,000 words. With these in hand we turned to Jack Olsen, a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED senior editor for six years and a man whose reportorial skills and range of interests made him a logical candidate to write such a series.

For the first decade of his journalism career Olsen was a newspaperman, covering crime and politics among other beats. Subsequently, as a correspondent for TIME, his assignments included work on a dozen cover stories and 21 days of coverage of the Little Rock school integration battle in 1957. Since coming to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED in 1960, Olsen has written stories on subjects as diverse as Surinam wildlife, English soccer, Andorran angling and his memorable five-part exploration of Muhammad Ali (né Cassius Clay). He also has produced six books, two on bridge, one a childhood remembrance, one on a mountain-climbing tragedy, one an expansion of the magazine series on Muhammad Ali, and one on a World War II SS massacre (*Silence on Monte Sole*), which will be published in October by Putnam.

Having assimilated the background research, Olsen set out to do his own interviewing for *The Black Athlete* in early April, a transcontinental process that did not end until late May, when he had 200,000 words of notes. Shortly after he began, a representative of one of the presidential candidates called Olsen and asked him to "drop everything for three weeks" to write the candidate's campaign biography. A substantial sum of money was mentioned. "I turned him down," says Olsen. "I felt this story was too important to leave."

Among the many unexpected things that Olsen and our correspondents found was that Negro athletes were burning to tell their stories to a white man, and had almost never had a chance. "They would start out suspicious," Olsen recalls, "and in a minute or two there would suddenly come a flood of words. I especially remember one, who has to be nameless. He was more reserved than the rest, but once he began he talked for several hours, and he was sometimes near tears as he discussed his college life. Finally he suggested we go out and get a hamburger. 'And you ain't taking me,' he said. 'I'm taking you.' With that he clapped me on the back with a shuddering thump. As he did, his shirtsleeve slipped up, and I could see a tattoo in ugly blue-black ink on his brown skin. It was one word: HATE."

Gary Valk

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It would be too bad if he did. Because Jim Ryun runs the mile faster than anyone else in the world. 3:51.1. And that's probably fast enough to win a gold medal at the Olympic Games this October.

Except that this year the Olympic Games are being held in Mexico City. Which is a whole new ball park.

Mexico City is a mile-and-a-half above sea level. The air is so thin that there is a lot less oxygen. So even a brisk walk around the block can leave you panting. In fact, before becoming acclimated, sometimes just walking across a hotel room can leave you winded. So just imagine how tough it will be to run a mile.

To give every athlete a chance to become acclimated to the high altitude and lack of oxygen, the International Olympic Committee is allowing all teams to train at high altitudes for six weeks instead of the normal four weeks. So more money is needed to give Jim Ryun and the rest of our team the time they need to get ready.

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America doesn't send its team to the Olympics, but Americans do.

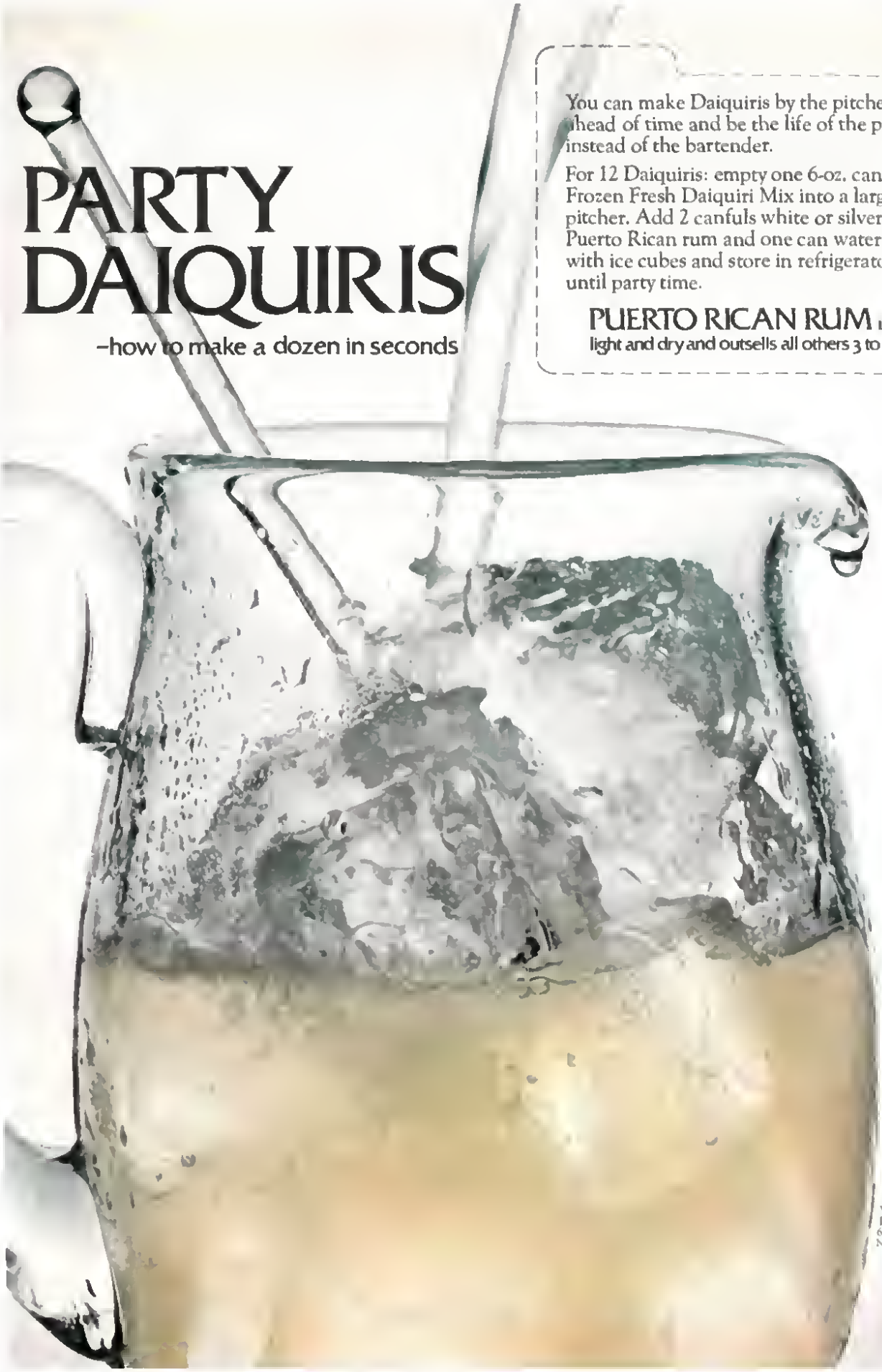
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CAUGNT OFF BASE

Lots of baseball fans were surprised that Montreal received one of the two new National League franchises, but the city itself apparently is flabbergasted. Resistance appears to be building—but not the promised 55,000-seat domed stadium. "The city made no commitment regarding the stadium," the chairman of Montreal's executive committee now says. And newspaper editorials have stated flatly that Montreal cannot afford big-league spending—the domed stadium is expected to cost $45 to $55 million. Nor is there any certainty that the club's temporary ball park on the grounds of Expo '67 can be adapted to suit baseball by next April when the team is scheduled to begin play. Canada is in the midst of national elections and no politician has been sporting enough to commit himself to the necessary expenditure.

Furthermore, there must be some doubt as to how the All-American pastime will appeal to French Canada. There was no overwhelming enthusiasm for the sport when the city had a fine Triple A club in the late '50s.

The new team still has no president, no general manager, no coaching staff, no farm team and has given no thought to a spring-training site. "The franchise was gathered in such remarkable style," says Charles Bronfman, one of the major backers, "that it was here well ahead of the organizational groundwork. Three days before the franchise was granted, I wasn't even in, and none of the sponsors had even had a formal meeting."

The chairman of the board of directors (it is reassuring that the team now has one) admits, "We are fighting desperately for time. Frankly, it is going to be a gigantic task to open on the projected 1969 date."

Only the National League seems oblivious to the troublesome situation. "What is happening among the backers of the team and the city over the stadium is no concern of the league's," John Galbreath, a member of the NL expansion committee says. "It is strictly a club matter and we have no part in it. Their problems are their own, not ours."

Says who?

COMING UP

Looking for ways to give an uplift to its business, The Lovable Company, a manufacturer of brassieres, is offering engineering school students prizes for fashioning new designs. Students at such schools as Harvard, Columbia, Purdue and Carnegie Institute of Technology are being asked to apply complex engineering principles of stress and load to improve brassiere design. They are also, the company hopes, looking for the sporting angles. Lovable has just developed a jogging bra, made of sweat-shirt-gray flannel, for fitness enthusiasts. It will go on sale on August 1 and will retail for $3.

Lovable, isn't it?

JEAN-CLAUDE CASNBOX

We take you now by flashback—to snowy old Grenoble and there is Jean-Claude Killy doing something typically dramatic, like winning Winter Olympics gold medal No. 5 or 6, or whatever the number was. Killy is buried in adoring fans, the darling of the sports world. But, hark! Who is that standing off to one side in topcoat and loafers, coolly appraising Killy? It looks like America's Mark McCormack. End flashback.

We take you now to Toots Shor's in New York. It is this very week and Killy is being introduced by the Chevrolet Division of General Motors as its new sports figure, its new image—the face that launched a thousand Camaros. There will be TV spots with the Corvette, Chevelle and Nova SS, followed by Killy at all the auto shows, Killy and all the cars. But there is more.

There is Killy, star of a GM one-hour television special on Killy; there is Killy, the world's new No. 1 model of ski apparel, Killy on tour in Japan; Killy driving a Corvette at LeMans. Killy turning down a supporting role in a Paul Newman movie—Paul who?—and Killy, star of a movie involving escape from a POW camp. There is Jean-Claude promoting French cookery; promoting his home town Val d'Isère; promoting mineral water. And who is that standing off to one side, in loafers again? Uh huh.

Promoter McCormack, who also packages and manages such stars as Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Fran Tarkenton, figures that Killy is starting out making more ("conservatively half a million a year") than any of his other clients. "He is totally unique in sport as far as earning possibilities," McCormack declares. Chevrolet paid $1 million for his services.

Even Avery Brundage would have to confess that is fast going for an athlete who has never competed as a pro. But there is a certain warm feeling in knowing that someone who worked so hard for it now has it all. *Sic transit* slalom.

A TRUFFLING MATTER

The Kalahari bushmen, that old and primitive desert race which anthropologists have studied down to a silly millimeter of their skulls, continue to be newsworthy. Relatively recent expeditions have found that the average bush-



man can distinguish the four moons of Jupiter with his naked eye, that he can hear an airplane 70 miles away, that he likes to dance to Beethoven (but apparently to no other Western music), and that he can run 35 miles in five hours through heavy sand and burning African heat. But perhaps the most valuable tidbit of information discovered so far about the bushmen is that they have been eating one of the world's delicacies for as long as they have lived in Botswana, which is a long, long time.

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Along with snakes, lizards and ground grubs, they feast on truffles, the gastronomical delight that Europeans train pigs and dogs to unearth in their oak forests. The bushmen like a bucketful of truffles—worth its weight in silver, $28—for dessert. Now the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization is investigating the marketing potential of Kalahari truffles. Though the great restaurants of Europe are eager to buy the precious fungi, the bushmen are not particularly eager to sell. Said one, "Digging is a lot of work, and if we sell them we can't eat them."

MIFFED LIP

If there is one thing that Leo Durocher detests, aside from alienation-of-affection suits, it is the scoreboard in the Houston Astrodome. The Astroboard (what else?) is an electronic whizzbang, lighting up with all sorts of animated cartoon flapdoodle for the amusement of the fans—and to the anger of the volatile Cub manager. Trouble began two years ago when Dick Ellsworth, then with the Cubs, left the mound with a muscle injury The Astroboard flashed a cartoon of a pitcher trudging off and then sinking in the shower Shortly afterward Bill Giles, orchestrator of the Astroboard and son of Warren Giles, the National League president, phoned the Cub dugout to inquire about Ellsworth. The Lip was so angry he reportedly yanked the phone from the wall.

Since then Leo has smoldered all the more. He absolutely refuses to talk to Houston writers. Once he submitted a phony lineup that the gullible Giles posted on the Astroboard. Snarled Durocher: "I'll give 'em a lineup with nine pitchers if I want to. I'll have Fergie Jenkins leading off and Bill Hands batting cleanup." For a man who used to revel in controversy, Durocher has worked up an anger that may seem strangely Astronomical (what else?), but, in truth, he feels that the board is unfair because it mocks the visiting team. He is especially peeved by a cartoon that shows a manager yapping away at an umpire (the ump plays a fiddle).

For his part Bill Giles says, "Leo and our scoreboard have a lot in common. They're both noisy. They're both animated. They're both unique. They're both expensive. And, in my opinion, they're both good for baseball." Durocher is having none of this. Seethes The Lip: "The old man [Warren Giles] didn't buy his kid enough toys when he was little, so now he plays with those scoreboard buttons."

OVEREMPHASIS?

Hollywood (Fla.) College is a relatively new school with only 65 students, but, no matter, it had hoped to field a football team next fall and had even scheduled seven games (one opponent: Pensacola Navy, which is quarterbacked by Roger Staubach). Then last week the school announced it was dropping the sport. "It wasn't the money," said Head Coach Guy Scott. "It was because the football team got to be such a big thing. They had 30 students in the college when I started recruiting, and I came up with 40 football players. They didn't think that was right."

DECEPTIVE APPEARANCE

When Cincinnati Industrialist Lloyd I. Miller paid $6,000 for Dark Mirage at the 1966 Keeneland summer yearling sales, most horsemen considered it a waste of his time and money. The filly was scrawny and underweight. Her sire, Persian Road II, was so undistinguished that he later was moved from Kentucky to, of all places, Ridgefield, Conn. – which is hardly known for its production of champion racehorses. Dark Mirage's dam, Home By Dark, although well bred, was stone deaf and never raced.

Last year while Queen of the Stage was taking bows as the 2-year-old champion, Dark Mirage, with only two wins in 15 starts, was heading deeper into obscurity. But this season has been different. After finishing fourth in her first start, she reeled off six wins in a row, the last five of them stakes—among them the Acorn and the Mother Goose, which make up two-thirds of the Triple Crown for Fillies.

Last week at Belmont Park came Part III of this series, the mile-and-a-quarter Coaching Club American Oaks. There was Dark Mirage, all 710 pounds of her (the average weight of a filly is around 850 pounds), standing barely 15 hands. At the finish there was Dark Mirage, too, skipping with beauty and grace under Jockey Manuel Ycaza down the Belmont stretch to win by 12 easy lengths in stakes-record time of 2:01⅘. The crowd rose to cheer this marvelous little lady, and Owner Miller could well afford a broad smile—the filly has won

him $269,149.50. Such fine champions as Bowl of Flowers, Cicada, Lady Pitt and Furl Sail had failed in their bids to take the first filly Triple Crown, but Dark Mirage had succeeded.

NEVER SAY DIE

Let a few innocent things happen like summertime in Detroit and the Tigers taking a 6½-game lead, and people start looking for things to worry about. Like: Where are they going to put up everybody for the World Series in October?

Nothing like being prepared. Detroit has been prepared since 1945. The way it probably will work out *this* time, see is that the Tigers would be the home team October 5, 6 and 7, which turns out to be a Saturday, Sunday and Monday. The city's convention bureau, which obviously does not have enough to do is busy blocking out hotel rooms all over town, even 600 across the river in Canada. Same thing they did last year, and it was a wonderful plan, much admired and saluted by convention bureaus everywhere, except for one nagging item. The Tigers did not win the pennant. But forget all *that*, says the bureau's Leonard Rolston. They now have discovered a new little worry that is even better.

On Monday, October 7. World Series or no World Series, a 4,000-delegate convention moves into Detroit. If the Tigers win, if the Series goes off on schedule, if it does not rain, Detroit will just barely be able to move both crowds in and out of town, says Rolston. If it does rain, well, there is trouble.

About that convention. The fact that it is the National Funeral Directors Association ought to tell Rolston something.

THEY SAID IT

• Ben Davidson, Oakland Raiders' defensive end, on the NFL's decision to eliminate the extra-point kick in exhibition games this summer: "The AFL Player Association is interested in this. It's a union issue. We don't want our kickers put out of work unless they can be retrained."

• Billy Graham, to onlookers who appeared shocked that he and four other clergymen had side bets during a round of golf: "We were playing a sermon a hole, but I don't call that sinful because we were betting on something of questionable value." END

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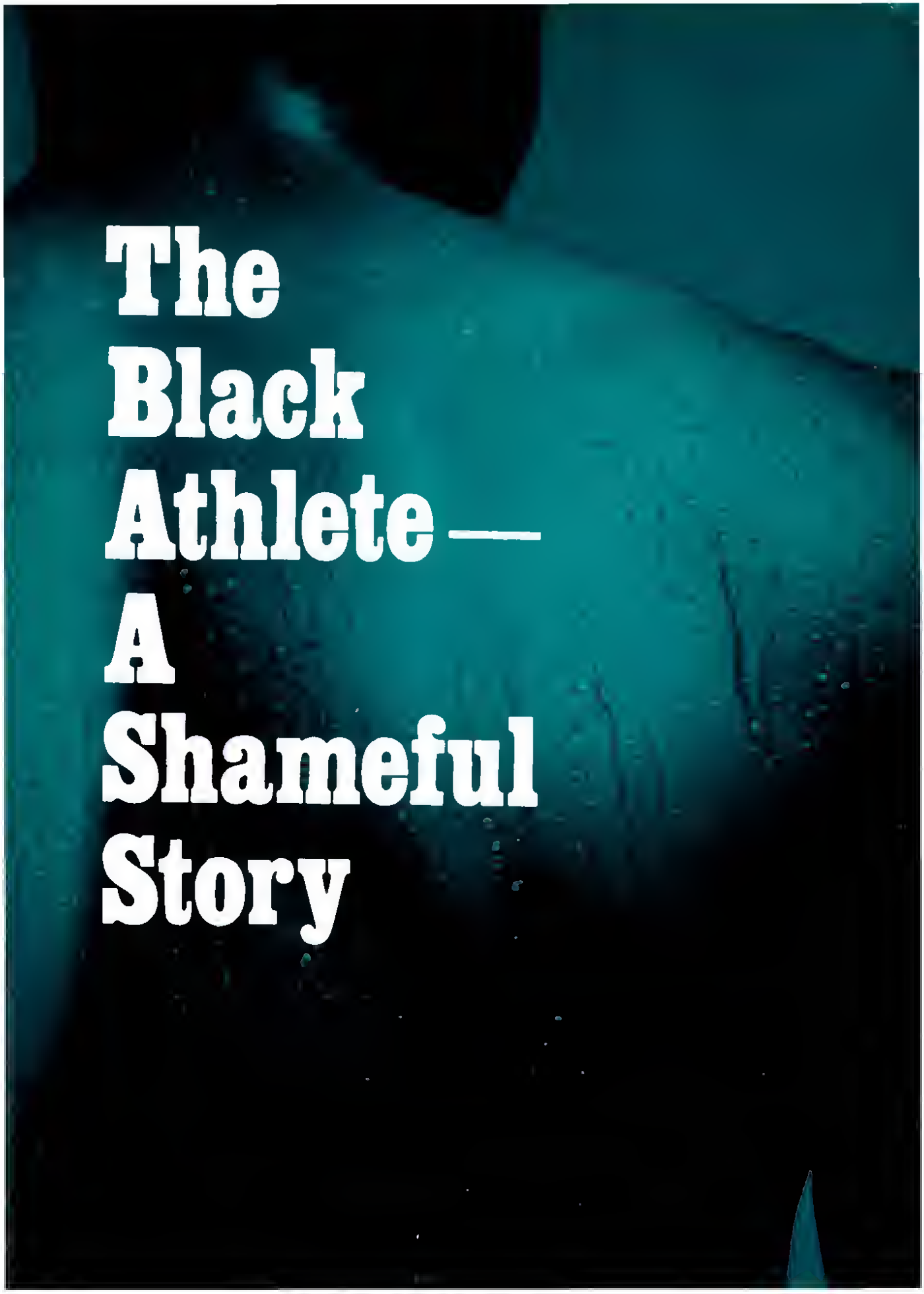


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Sports Illustrated
JULY 1, 1968

Sport has long been admirable in its pride of being one of the few areas of American society in which the Negro has had equal opportunity and equality. But has sport in America deceived itself in all liberality? Is myth, its tolerance a deceit? Increasingly black athletes are saying that sport is doing a disservice to their race by setting up false goals, perpetuating prejudice and establishing an insidious bondage all its own. Now when Negro athletes are shaking numerous college administrations with their demands and a boycott of the 1968 Olympics is no idle threat, Sports Illustrated explores the roots and validity of the black athlete's unrest and finds them well founded. In a five-part series Jack Olsen reports on the shockingly frustrating life of the black college athlete, the vast gulf between black and white sportsmen, how a Southwestern university treats the Negroes who are making it famous, black-white problems among the pros and what racism has done to one NFL team.

CONTINUED



The Black Athlete — A Shameful Story



Part 1:

The Cruel Deception

By Jack Olsen

Every morning the world of sports wakes up and congratulates itself on its contributions to race relations The litany has been repeated so many times that it is believed almost universally. It goes "Look what sports has done for the Negro "

To be sure, there are a few fair-minded men who are willing to suggest that perhaps the Negro has done something for sports in return Says George McCarty, athletic director of the University of Texas at El Paso, "In general, the nigger athlete is a little hungrier, and we have been blessed with having some real outstanding ones We think they've done a lot for us, and we think we've done a lot for them "

The McCarty attitude is echoed on many campuses Says a university president: "Sure, the Negroes helped our image, but don't forget, they got built up, too. Every one of them that's been here got out of the ghetto Four of our colored alumni are playing pro basketball right now, and seven are in pro football, and you can't just say that we got a bunch of cattle in here and milked them It was profitable both ways "

Some argue that anyone with two eyes can see what sports have done for the Negro, and offer Willie Mays as exhibit A Where would Willie be without baseball? Chopping cotton? Firing a smelter in Birmingham? Or take Bill Russell, player-coach of the Boston Celtics He goes around making antiwhite remarks and collecting a six-figure check for taking part in a game Without sports, the argument runs, he would be lucky to be working as a janitor in his home town of Oakland Jim Brown is another one He retires from pro football with a fortune in his sock and becomes an overnight success as a movie actor, all because of sports, and then founds an organization aimed at getting black men jobs, all the while talking out of the side of his mouth about the whites Why, sports *created* Jim Brown, gave him a free education at Syracuse University, catapulted him to national fame as a star fullback for the Cleveland Browns

That's the way the argument goes, and eventually it reaches the classic in case histories, a 6' 8" 250-pound assistant professor of sociology who wears love beads and shades and a black beret and urges Negro athletes to boycott the Olympics, to rise up against various athletic departments of various colleges and to smite the white sports establishment with all their collective power. This fanatical superblack is Harry Edwards, out of East St Louis, Ill., where he attended various jails as a youth before it was discovered that he could whirl a discus half a mile and San Jose State College offered him an athletic scholarship Thus, one arrives at the ultimate irony—that Harry Edwards, the mouthpiece of the black athletic rebellion, himself was lifted out of the ghetto by the white sports establishment Why, if it were not for sports Harry Edwards probably would be alongside his brother Donald, serving 25 years to life in the Iowa State Penitentiary for armed robbery, or following in the footsteps of his father, an alumnus of Pontiac State Penitentiary, or his mother, who once came home from a street brawl wearing 86 stitches

You can hear these arguments any night of the week in the saloon of your choice, even in the *Negro* saloon of your choice The cliche that sports has been good to the Negro has been accepted by black and white, liberal and conservative, intellectual and red-neck And the Negro athlete who has the nerve to suggest that all is not perfect is branded as ungrateful, a cur that bites the hand "If only we could achieve in housing, in education, in economic opportunity, all the things we have achieved in sports," says a typically grateful Negro leader, "the race problem in the United States would disappear "

But Negro athletes do not agree Almost to a man, they are dissatisfied, disgruntled and disillusioned

Black collegiate athletes say they are dehumanized, exploited and disearded, and some even say they were happier back in the ghetto

Black professional athletes say they are underpaid, shunted into certain stereotyped positions and treated like subhumans by Paleolithic coaches who regard them as watermelon-eating idiots

A member of the University of Houston's coaching staff once made the mistake of telling Halfback Warren McVea, "I think this university's athletic program has been pretty damn good to you " McVea, a short, black artillery shell of a man, snapped back, "I think I've been pretty damn good to this university I want you to remember one thing you came to me, I didn't come to you "

"People say, 'Wasn't football good to you?' " recalls Jim Parker, retired All-Pro lineman of the Baltimore Colts "I say, 'Hell, no, I've been good to it ' Football did no better for me than what I put into it "

Someone asked Percy Harris, line football coach at all-black Du Sahle High School in Chicago, what he got out of four years of scholarship athletics at various institutions in the Southwest "Well, let's see," the 28-year-old Negro mused "At the University of New Mexico I got a sweater At Cameron State College in Oklahoma I got a blanket At

continued

DRAWINGS BY DAVID NOYES

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Southwestern State I got a jacket and a blanket."

"Black students aren't given athletic scholarships for the purpose of education," says Harry Edwards. "Blacks are brought in to perform. Any education they get is incidental to their main job, which is playing sports. In most cases, their college lives are educational blanks." And like it or not, face up to it or not, condemn it or not, Harry Edwards is right.

With rare exceptions, the American college coach expects his Negro athletes to concentrate on the job for which they were hired. The aim is neither graduation nor education. The *sine qua non* for the Negro athlete is maintaining his eligibility. At the end of the last second of the last minute of the last hour of a Negro athlete's eligibility, he is likely to find himself dumped unceremoniously into the harsh academic world. Tutors who wrote his themes disappear; professors who gave him superior grades for inferior work rigidize their marking standards; counselors who advised courses in basket-weaving and fly casting suddenly point out that certain postponed courses in English and mathematics and history must be passed before graduation.

"There is nothing in the world so forlorn and useless as a Negro college athlete who has used up his eligibility," says a white sociologist who, incidentally, functions as a lineman in the National Football League. "If he's going into the pros, of course, that's something different. But how many of them will make it with the pros? One in a hundred?"

Certain truths about the Negro college athlete have been carefully concealed in the groves of academe, and for good reason. Some of the truths are painful, some are embarrassing, some show too clearly the heavy hand of white America. The most obvious of these truths is that precious few Negro athletes are qualified to attend college in the first place. The gulf between the lower schools of the white and the lower schools of the Negro remains a Grand Canyon; many of the Negro athletes who arrive on college campuses never read a book from cover to cover, or had any reason to. They were busy facing or reacting to the problems that confront the poor and deprived. On campus they wallow in fear and confusion for a few weeks until jockstrap alumni and campus counselors show them the various easy routes available to athletes.



These shortcuts, of course, seldom lead to a degree, and that is the second fundamental fact about the Negro athletes in American colleges: they rarely graduate with their classes, and the majority of them do not graduate at all. They are wet-nursed in their courses long enough to remain eligible, and after all the corner-cutting and duplicity and outright cheating, they return to the Negro community as "leaders" and "college men," when in fact they have done little more than hire out as Hessians for four years, or long enough to bring a conference championship to dear old Siwash. Yet their fame is such in the black community that other black children are eager to follow the same futile course.

The black professional athlete accomplishes much the same thing, although at a greater economic return to himself. His example in the Negro community shows small boys the way. Sports becomes a bridge out of the ghetto. But for how many? The number is terribly small. At the most, sports has led a few thousand Negroes into a better life while substituting a meaningless dream for hundreds of thousands of other Negroes. It has helped to perpetuate an oppressive system. For every Willie Mays or Bob Hayes there are countless Negroes who obviously had abundant will and determination to succeed, but who dedicated their childhoods and their energies to baseball gloves and shoulder pads. If there were other ways out and up, they were blinded to them by the success of a few sports celebrities. These are the Negro doctors who never were, the Negro lawyers who are desperately needed, the Negro city planners who have never existed. This has been the major effect of sports on the Negro, and it overrides all others.

James Baldwin wrote: "Every Negro boy . . . realizes, at once, profoundly, because he wants to live, that he stands in

great peril and must find, with speed, a 'thing,' a gimmick, to lift him out, to start him on his way. *And it does not matter what the gimmick is.*" For some it is narcotics. For others it is crime. For more than a few the only gimmick that seems feasible is sports.

Melvin Rogers, 45 years old, gym teacher and basketball coach at all-Negro Eula D. Britton High School, in Rayville, La., sits at a table in the jerry-built "separate-but-equal" school and speaks softly. "If people only knew what we have to go through to produce that one boy out of hundreds who makes it. People say, 'My, my, aren't you proud? You coached Elvin Hayes, and now he's got a $440,000 contract in pro basketball.' Well, I'm proud of Elvin, sure I am, but look out that window over there. See that big fellow playing baseball? He went to school here, had a high IQ, too, but for him it was sport or nothing. He was a catcher; he could throw from his knees to second base when he was a sophomore in high school. He was right out there on that field morning and night. Baseball, baseball, baseball. He got into college, but he didn't have the basics. All he knew how to do was hang onto the third strike. He went up to the majors for a tryout and didn't make it. Now age has caught up with him, and he's a nothing. He fell for a dream. He could have been just about anything he wanted—except a major league catcher."

The Negro who overemphasizes sports has become the caricature of his race. He turns it into a system of esthetics, his own private art. Sport becomes his *raison d'être*, and all too often it is a savagely misleading one. The black athlete who fails to become a Wilt Chamberlain or an Elgin Baylor or an Oscar Robertson finds himself competing for employment in an economic market that has little use for the breakaway dribble and the fadeaway jump. "A white kid tries to become President of the United States," says Melvin Rogers, "and all the skills and knowledge he picks up on the way can be used in a thousand different jobs. A black kid tries to become Willie Mays, and all the tools he picks up on the way are useless to him if he doesn't become Willie Mays."

Nor is it true that the successful Negro high school athlete steps automatically into a paradise of fair play and equal opportunity. Most often he picks up his college scholarship and enters a schizophrenic world where he is lionized on the field and ignored off it. "I don't want to be known as the fastest nigger on campus," says Tommie Smith of San Jose State College—but he is. Most famous Negro athletes try to become accustomed to this double standard, but few succeed. Other black athletes twist and squirm and fight to become accepted, suffer losses, lick their wounds and return to fight again and wind up embittered and discouraged.

Don Shanklin, a senior next fall and a star running back for the University of Kansas, is one of these resistors, and although he has scored a few minor social victories on campus, his college career has been a shatteringly disillusioning experience. Shanklin has steadfastly refused to accept an inferior position in the university social structure, but the inferior position has steadfastly been thrust upon him. Now he has turned coldly cynical. He expects to get a pro contract, and when he has signed he will depart from the lovely green campus in the hills of Lawrence as fast as he can get away.

What will Don Shanklin's college career add up to? "Well, it kept me off the trash trucks in Amarillo," he says. "That's where most of the cats in my home town wind up." He has learned next to nothing. All he has been permitted to add to KU is some long runs with a football. All he has added to his own experience is four years of acute loneliness and alienation in the white man's world—and a chance for a pro contract. He is honest and direct and admits that the contract is what he really wants. Which may be fine, if he gets it and then, having gotten it, makes the grade as a pro. And, almost any time of the day or night, you will find Kansas sports followers standing around the Jayhawk Cafe or the lounge of the venerable lily-white Beta house or the locker room of the Lawrence Country Club, telling one another what a lucky guy Don Shanklin is, and how lucky KU was to get him. They are telling one another what sports has done for the Negro.

Until very recently the Negro athlete—amateur and professional—has been expected to stand fast and take it, keep his mouth shut and perform valiantly in front of cheering white audiences. If he wanted respect off the field, if he wanted to collect the hero worship and social advantages that are the traditional reward of the good athlete, he had to go to Blacktown. There, long into the night, he might hold court while one by one people of his own color dropped by and congratulated him on the third round knockout or the home run in the 11th that won the game. Each such achievement was regarded as an achievement for the Negro race. The totality of such achievements was going to add up to full equality at some vague future date. Behind every victory, every knockout of a white boxer, every new sprint record and every long run from scrimmage, Negroes saw a tiny step forward in their everyday relations with the white majority. They tended to regard individual achievements as progress for the race as a whole. What they did not realize was that the white American was able to compartmentalize his attitude about the Negro, to admire his exploits on the field but put him in the back of the bus on the way home. The white American expected the Negro to perform, to put out, but after he had showered and shaved, he was supposed to know his place.

"The black athlete was always expected by the honkie to play the role of the responsible Negro, the good Negro, no matter what else was going on in the black world," says Harry Edwards. "The black athlete was the institutionalized Tom, the white man's nigger."

This old-style black athlete may still be seen, in prepackaged form, in the Harlem Globetrotters, the white man's favorite black road show. The Trotters help to perpetuate the Negro stereotype. Running about the court emitting savage jungle yells, shouting in thick Southern accents ("Yassuh, yassuh!"), pulling sly tricks like walking with the ball when the (white) referee's back is turned, calling one another inane names like Sweetwater and Showboat, they come across as frivolous, mildly dishonest children, the white man's encapsulated view of the whole Negro race set to the rhythms of *Sweet Georgia Brown*.

Says Willie Worsley, a member of the Texas at El Paso (then Texas Western) national championship basketball team of 1966: "The Trotters act like white people think black people should act. They tell the whites exactly what they want

continued

to hear. If you turned the Globetrotters white overnight they wouldn't draw the manager the next night."

Willie Worsley talks this way and sees these things because he is representative of the new Negro athlete. If he is sometimes truculent and suspicious, he is always dignified and proud. He has the Negro instant" attitude. Warren McVea defines Negro instant: "It means that in anything involving my people I don't think twice. It's 'Negro instant.'"

The first requirement of this new Negro athlete with his new attitude of Negro instant is a pride in things black, in black ways of acting and thinking: not the old fictionalized darky stereotypes with their laziness and duplicity and connivery, but the new verve and grace that the black man brings to sports.

"Take those great football teams of Michigan State," says Sam Skinner, Negro sports editor of San Francisco's *Sun-Reporter*. "Bubba Smith and his boys used to bring their records and play soul music. Now this is better than a pep talk. Listening to James Brown is better than listening to Duffy Daugherty."

Says Harry Edwards: "Black people are communal by culture. They prepare communally. They dance, they play games communally. That slap on the hand you see Lew Alcindor give Mike Warren, or vice versa, that means something to those brothers. It means something to the brothers in the stands. It means something to the brothers who are watching the TV sets."

Ronald Fair, the Negro novelist, believes that the black athlete, with his superior skills and proud new attitude, has become a dominant figure in the Negro struggle for equality. To Fair, black athletes "have a commanding position in all of Negro society." He made the hero of his novel *Hog Butcher* an 18-year-old athlete, because he recognized the preeminence of the black athlete's role. The hero is bold, he speaks out. "It's sad," Fair says, "but the Negro athlete used to be afraid to do this. He was afraid he'd lose his position. He's not afraid anymore."

The new Negro athlete no longer accepts the thesis that every victory for the black competitor represents a step forward for the great mass of blacks. "They are unwilling to equate personal success with racial success," says Sterling Stuckey, a 36-year-old Negro who has taught history at the University of Illinois at Chicago Circle. "The young black intellectual knows that individual success for himself or for athletes means very little about the progress of the race."

Nowadays the Negro community will respect the black competitor, but the respect will not last if the athlete confines his activities to the field. "There is a growing demand that the athlete take part in the affairs of the Negro community, that he use his prestige, the position he's acquired, to make himself a force in the improvement of the position of all Negroes," says Bob Wheeler, assistant superintendent of Kansas City public schools. "Negroes are apt to show hostility to a Negro athlete who doesn't take full advantage of his opportunities."

"The black athlete has finally realized he's got to have some kind of life when he takes that uniform off," says Bernie Casey of the Los Angeles Rams. "For many years he said, 'I'll just play the game and get my money and be a good nigger.' But now he knows the house nigger is dead. I'm not speaking of physical death, but of spiritual death, which could be the worst of all."

Militants like Harry Edwards reserve their harshest criticism for blacks who refuse to speak out, who remain "house niggers." Edwards professes to prefer George Wallace. "At least we know where Wallace stands, and at least he's not afraid to say what he thinks," Edwards told an audience recently. His voice drips with sarcasm and derision when he talks about certain mild-mannered Negro athletes. "As long as you have black athletes making it to the top and then shutting up like Uncle Willie Mays, or like Jesse Owens or Joe Louis, well, then, athletics has done very little for the black community. It has helped black individuals to delude themselves, this is all. But when you have people speaking out like Jackie Robinson, Bill Russell and Oscar Robertson, you begin to feel the importance of sports to the black community. When you have people like Satch Sanders going out and getting a million-dollar grant from the Federal Government to revitalize housing in the black community of Boston—well, they didn't give it to him because he was some Joe off the street, but because he was Satch Sanders of the Celtics and because he had made himself a public figure and had access to the white man's media and public-opinion forces."

The examples set by some and the exhortations of others are making it almost impossible for today's Negro athlete to remain simply an athlete, even though lots of them would prefer the middle-of-the-road position. The Negro star who refuses to take a firm stand on racial matters finds himself, at worst, ostracized by his race, consigned to Bernie Casey's "spiritual death," or, at best, left in a kind of limbo between white and black. Some, like Willie Mays, try to take refuge in a passive role. Willie gives money to Negro causes, but he is not the most likely candidate to be leading a black boycott on the San Francisco Giants. "I'm a ballplayer," Mays says. "I am not a politician or a writer or a historian. I can do best for my people by doing what I do best."

More and more, Willie Mays finds himself becoming what Mike Garrett of the Kansas City Chiefs calls "a marginal man," exciting the deep respect of neither race, and, indeed, the outright dislike of some. For a long time, Garrett, the Heisman Trophy winner from the University of Southern California, was falling into the same limbo. "I didn't fit into the slum that I came from, and I didn't fit into the white-oriented social world of USC with its emphasis on fraternity row," Garrett recalls. "I was a marginal man. And when I became a professional football player I felt the same way, only more so."

But like many other black athletes, Garrett is stepping out of his limbo and beginning to take firm stands on black and white matters. He has made a personal commitment to his race. "As a Negro celebrity," he says, "I know that I must go back and help less fortunate Negroes, even though in my heart I may not want to." Mike Garrett's "marginal" days are ending. He is responding to pressures on the Negro athlete. He is becoming the proud new black who is reworking the future of his race, rendering the "house nigger" all but obsolete, and turning the world of sports upside down in the process.

What is happening today amounts to a revolt by the black athlete against the framework and attitudes of American sport, and that such a thing could occur in his own pet province has astonished the white sports follower. The rea-

son for the astonishment is that the man in the grandstand knows nothing about the Negro athlete whom he professes to understand, appreciate and ennoble as a symbol of the enlightened attitude of the world of sport toward segregation and intolerance. A wall of ignorance and unfounded suppositions is shielding the fan from the realities of the black athlete's background and his hopes.

The cases of two of last season's most celebrated basketball players serve as examples. One is Don Smith, Iowa State All-America, ghetto-born and to trouble bred, the pride of a Midwestern campus that would have been stunned if it had ever heard him quietly, deliberately, in the soft accent that four years at Iowa State have developed in him, tell the story of his youth. The other is Elvin Hayes of Houston, the famed "Big E," a rural Negro, yet the product of an astonishing family and a man intently searching out his own route through the black-white maze.

What does the white man cheering in the grandstand know of Don Smith or Elvin Hayes? Not a thing—and that is part of the shame. Now meet them.

Don Smith fidgeted nervously on the bench one night late last winter. Iowa State had just lost to Kansas State in the crucial game of the season, and ever since the final horn had blown in the big armory in Ames, Iowa, the students and fans had been sitting patiently in their seats. This had been the last home game for Smith, a 21-year-old light-skinned Negro from the slums of Brooklyn, and statisticians were busy working out the final summation of his brilliant college athletic career. It developed that he was the second best Big Eight rebounder of all time, behind Bill Bridges, and the third best Big Eight scorer behind Clyde Lovellette and Bob Boozer. He had been All-Conference each year, Sophomore of the Year in 1966 and Big Eight Player of the Year in 1968. He had made the Helms Foundation first-string All-American and half a dozen other All-Americas as well. Earlier in the season he had matched up against Lew Alcindor of UCLA, scoring 33 points and picking up 12 rebounds. Somebody asked Alcindor what he thought of Elvin Hayes of Houston.

"He's one of the best," said the taciturn Lew, "along with Don Smith of Iowa State."

Now Smith waited shyly in the armory while his jersey was officially retired, the student body presented him with a plaque, the mayor of Ames presented him with a handsome piece of luggage and Dr. W. Robert Parks, the university president, presented him with a color photograph of himself in action. Smith said only a few words in response. He said he was grateful for the gifts and for his years at Iowa State. Mostly, he said, he was sorry he had missed three free throws in the last six minutes.

"Just like him," said an instructor in the audience. "Everybody's telling him how great he is and he's apologizing for missing free throws."

"Yeah," said a man sitting alongside. "For a shine, that is one good boy."

Yeah, one good boy. . . .

The first house we lived in in Brooklyn was a second-floor apartment at 454 Vanderbilt. It belonged to my grandmother. My mother and father were separated, and I slept alone in the living room and nine others slept in the two bedrooms. It was a typical ghetto house with roaches and rats and mice and everything else you can imagine. When I was little it was hard to get into the house because of what was going on downstairs. There was a restaurant downstairs that used to have a jukebox playing and dope addicts and drunks and everything possible were in the halls. People used to get shot and stabbed, and there were prostitutes all around, but this didn't bother me—they were just making a living. I remember the roaches better than the prostitutes.

When I was 11 we moved to a project at 135 Richards Street in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn. I went with my mother and my sister and brother. This was a better apartment than the other one, but we only stayed a year because I got us kicked out. If you get an accumulation of fines they kick you out. You used to get fines for messing with the elevators or being on the grass or on the roof. We were kids and we played football on the grass and that was illegal. We were supposed to play at the park, but that was usually taken by the older people. We used to go on the roof to look around, and we used to stop the elevators between floors and drink wine. One day I was gone to this rock 'n' roll show in Manhattan and when I came home that night and knocked on the door there was no answer. So I went outside and climbed up this lamppost and looked inside and saw that there was no furniture, so I took it for granted we had been kicked out. I went to my grandmother's house and, sure enough, everybody was there.

They started calling me "Duck" because my feet were so big. One of my friends was Cemetery and another was Knife, because he was so sharp, and another was Nutt. Cemetery is a Muslim now. I don't know where Knife is. Nutt died of an overdose about three years ago. Some of the guys are still on the corner, drinking wine and taking dope.

The first junior high school I went to was P.S. 9, but I got kicked out because I was implicated in a stealing incident. I didn't have any thoughts at all about stealing. It was like a game to me, played by just about everybody. I remember the first thing I stole was $20 from my grandmother, and that was when I was 8.

As a kid I was always out. When I would go to Manhattan it usually was to steal. I used to take anything I could get my hands on: jewelry and toys. I used to keep them or sell them. I used to keep the baseballs I stole and play with them. If I couldn't steal anything else I'd steal candy bars—just to be stealing something. When I would get caught in a store I wouldn't go back. I would go steal somewhere else. They wouldn't press any charges, they would just tell me not to do it again. I used to stay out all night and sell newspapers. I stole the papers off the back of a truck and sold them for 5¢ or 6¢ each.

I hardly even knew there was a white community or a white society. When we watched TV it was another world and it never dawned on me that this was reality. Once when I was about 10 I was hitching a ride on the back of a bus and a white cop saw me and told me to get off and stop. I got off and ran and he ran after me. He hit me on the neck with his billy club and yelled, "Stop, you black nigger!" This was really the first time that I knew there were two worlds. Later, when I was around

continued

14, we were stealing in a bakery and a cop came up and told us to stop. We ran, and he shot up in the air and we stopped. I was arrested a lot of times. Once I was arrested for jimmying open a parking meter. They sent me to the Youth House for about two months. It was nice. They had three meals a day. They taught lessons, and you had your own room.

When I was 16 I used to hang out with this guy who burglarized houses. One day someone saw him up on the fire escape in a Jewish neighborhood. A friend and I were sitting waiting for him to come down, and the cops picked us all up. They asked us if we knew anything and we denied it. Then they took us down to the police station and beat us with their fists. *Huge* cops. When we would say we knew nothing they would hit us in the face with these big fists. So we told. I went to jail for two months after that. I didn't like it at all. Hardened criminals were there. The police used to say that I was so bad I was going to wind up in the electric chair.

I smoked pot in high school, but I think I did it just because everybody was doing it. I used to get a $5 bag that would make 20 joints. I never did get into the heroin stage. A lot of my friends are now junkies out on the street. We used to fight a white gang called the Hilltoppers all the time. I used a car aerial or a Molotov cocktail. We had zip guns and .22s. Once in a while somebody would get killed. One day I dropped my guard and went out in the wrong territory and another gang, the Chaplains, caught me and stomped me.

The last time I stole was in my junior year of high school. Some friends and I mugged a white man looking for a black prostitute. We got $320. I was an average kid on the block. The bad kids would mug people all the time. I just did it on weekends.

This was the Don Smith that Iowa State took into its sheltering ivy halls and called its own. He did his best for Iowa State. All-America. Big Eight Player of the Year. But did the college do its best for him? He recalls feeling lost from the moment he arrived. He moved into a dormitory and had a white roommate with a farming background. "Every weekend he'd go home," Smith recalls, "and he'd leave little notes behind like, 'Don't touch my razor!' It was always don't touch this or don't touch that. One day I saw something he had written and it said how hard it was for him to live with a nigger."

Smith found typical Negro athlete problems with the athletic department: "They don't care about the black athlete per se. They just want him to produce. Instead of trying to help us they want us to pass just enough to get by. They tried to put me into physical education, but I didn't want to be in it because I didn't enjoy it."

And, as always, the social life was limited. "I only had five or six dates my first year, and I felt like those girls just felt sorry for me. Me and my white teammates never did anything together. On campus all the white players would go to parties together, but I was never invited to go with them. They didn't care what I did. They just thought of me as a basketball player."

And so later that evening of his last home game, after hearing himself lauded and praised and appreciated—an evening that would have set up a white athlete for life—Smith was not particularly excited. His transition from promising rookie to nationally known star had not appreciably improved his off-court campus life. He reckoned, thinking back, that of all the white people he had met in that strange, flat land of Iowa, only two had been sincere. He still felt awkward around whites. He still did not trust them. He was proud of his education, and his exceptional basketball ability had earned him a contract with the Cincinnati Royals. But he would not recommend Iowa State as a place for a black athlete—at least a black athlete who wanted to be happy.

Elvin Hayes, as they like to say down in Houston, is something else. One night when the University of Houston basketball team was flying home from another successful appearance on the road, a newspaperman tried to get Hayes's attention. "Hey, boy!" the reporter called.

A silence came over the cabin of the plane. Players stopped what they were doing. Refreshments were poised in mid-air and conversations ceased. Elvin Hayes, the team's big wheelhorse, turned to the reporter and said softly: "Boy's on *Tarzan*. *Boy* plays on *Tarzan*. I'm no boy. I'm 22 years old. I worked hard to become a man. I don't call you boy."

"I'm sorry," the newspaperman said. "I didn't mean anything by it."

"I hope not," Hayes said softly, and returned to his conversation.

Elvin Hayes does not take part in boycotts; he does not make loud demands on the white athletic establishment; he does not proselytize younger Negro athletes to take up arms against the inequities that visit the Negro in sports. He respects the militant Negro athletes, but he has chosen a different path.

Hayes is eight inches over 6 feet tall, 240 pounds in weight, dark coffee in color. He is broad and thick in the nose and lips, and his eyes are set so wide apart that one often has the feeling of talking only to half of him. He wears a small mustache, like most Negro athletes, and his hair is cropped close to his skull. He has a bright, flashing smile, but he does not throw it around indiscriminately. The smile of Elvin Hayes does not appear the instant a white man says hello. It must be earned. But mostly Elvin is polite and taciturn, the quietest person in any gathering, and there is about him a massive dignity that comes only partly from his height. In a room full of Negroes and whites, he stands apart, a figure of total independence. No one will ever see Elvin Hayes chicken-walking across a stage prattling about the imminent arrival of the magistrate.

For three years Elvin Hayes was the hero of Houston, admired and respected by black and white alike. He was always the last Cougar to be introduced over the P.A. system before each home game, and by the time the second or third man had been introduced, the chant of "E . . . E . . . E" had become so loud that the other players could only be identified by their numbers. When Elvin would finally detach his long body from the bench, throw down the polka-dot towel that was a team trademark and amble out on the floor in his size 16s, the needles on the VI meters in the radio booth would veer across the red line.

Then Elvin used up his last semester of eligibility and ignored the local ABA professional basketball team to sign for an estimated $440,000 with the NBA's San Diego Rockets. The folks who used

to chant "E . . E . . . E" now took a new view of him. Letters to the editors began mentioning how ungrateful Elvin had become. Fans would call radio programs and air their objections to the way their former hero had ignored the offers of the Houston Mavericks. Street-corner conversations were even more to the point. "I used to think he knew his place," a cab driver said, "but now he's acting like one of your smart-ass Northern jigs." A Houston reporter summed up the attitude of the townsfolk. "When Elvin was representing the University of Houston on the court, he was called 'a credit to his race.' But when he signed with the San Diego team he became another 'smart nigger.' Houston's attitude about him turned just like that." And once again that familiar cry was heard: "Sports has been good to him. He should be more grateful to the people who made him." One is reminded of a remark made long ago by the heavyweight champion of the rational world. "Who made me is *me*," said Cassius Clay with authority. Who made Elvin Hayes of Rayville, La. is Elvin Hayes.



Rayville is a town in northeast Louisiana about 60 miles up-country from Waterproof, four miles from Bee Bayou and just down the road from Alto and Holly Ridge. Its 5,000 residents, divided about 50-50 racially, work in small businesses, cotton gins, a clothing mill or two. The farms around Rayville are tilled by machines nowadays, and hundreds of field hands, Negroes almost to the last man, have gone away to places like Dallas and Los Angeles and Chicago seeking work. The Negro youth of Rayville has a tendency to rattle around in meaningless pursuits, now that cotton has ended as a way of life.

Racially, Rayville is relaxed as Southern towns go. The big midtown high school has been integrated for a couple of years, although hardly any Negroes elect to attend. The malt and sundae stand on the corner of Madeline and Louisa streets has a window for whites and a window for Negroes, but no one gets upset about it. "You have to expect that in a Southern town," says Elvin Hayes's sister, Bunnatine. "It doesn't bother us."

Now that Elvin Hayes is a famous All-America basketball player, everyone in Rayville professes to be his dear friend, his old acquaintance. "Ah've known Elving all his laff," says a white man at the Rayville Motel, on the west end of town. "Fan boy, fan family." Later someone passes the remark along to James Smith, principal of the all-black Eula D. Britton school where Elvin attended class. James Smith laughs a big laugh and says, "That white man doesn't know Elvin or anybody else on this side of town. This is a different world."

The "different world" is the east part of Rayville, literally the other side of the tracks, where black families live in homes ranging from shacks to a few fairly comfortable dwellings. The Hayes family is better off than most. You walk across a few wooden boards that span a gully and you're on the front steps of the rectangular frame house at 603 Texas Street. There are no sidewalks. The Hayes house is not fancy, the ceiling sags, and now and then a leak has to be patched, but there is space and order and warmth and a 59-year-old matriarch runs the show, and don't you forget it. Mrs. Savannah Hayes, mother of Elvin and five others, sits in a stiff-back chair in the parlor and explains how and why she and her late husband sent their six children to college:

"I been in the fields. Raised on a farm. My daddy worked another man's land. I chopped cotton and I picked cotton. Before I was married, I always said, 'If I ever own a family I want them to have a better chance than I have.' Well, I married a man who felt the same way. Chris Hayes. A powerful man. He had a fourth-grade education, but he'd traveled all around the world as a fireman on a ship, and he'd learned a few things. We settled here, and he began firing the boilers at the Union [cotton] Compress, and when the children came along he'd tell 'em, 'I'll wear overalls for you if you'll go to school, but if *you* won't, I won't!' And what he wasn't telling them, I was. So we started sending our children off to college one by one, and my husband worked two jobs to pay for it. Sometimes three jobs. Even after my husband had a heart attack, you couldn't stop him. And when he lay on his death bed, he said to me, 'Don't feel like everything gonna be done when I'm gone. Keep them children in school. The Lawd's gonna make a way for you to do it.' Well, the Lawd did. Four of our

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children were either in or through college, and that left my daughter Bunnatine and Elvin. Bunnatine got a full academic scholarship to Southern University, and Elvin got a full athletic scholarship to Houston, and that made it six out of six."

"If you lived in my parents' house," recalls Elvin's oldest sister, Christine, who holds a master's degree from the University of Wisconsin, "you *had* to be a success. Otherwise, my mother wouldn't let you in."

Elvin was the baby of the family, and by the time he entered the Eula D. Britton school a few blocks from his home the Hayes pattern of academic excellence had been firmly established. For a while the tradition worked against the gangly boy. In school he was deeply troubled by the idea that too much was expected of him, that he would be judged by the records of his five older brothers and sisters and found wanting. "And my mother used to be on me all the time," Elvin says now. "She'd say, 'If you don't do well you're gonna be a failure!' "

Elvin's marks remained poor, though passing, and his personality problem became more severe. "My sister Bunnatine came just before me, and she was valedictorian, and all my brothers and sisters had made straight A averages, and I just said to myself, 'Well, I'm not gonna do it.' It wasn't that I didn't have the ability, but I was trying to do things in my own way."

Mrs. Hayes well remembers the device Elvin contrived to help him retreat from the troubling reality around him. "Oh, how I *do* remember!" she says. "He put up a bucket with a hole in the bottom, right on a beautiful water elm I had in the back of the house, and he threw a rubber ball into that bucket and stomped around that tree and dried the ground out till he killed it. Killed my beautiful water elm! Then he hung the bucket on the side of the house and kept right on."

"Well, a kid in my neighborhood had to play outside or not at all," Elvin recalls. "We didn't have the facilities that other kids have. No concrete to play on. No baskets to shoot at. My basketball was one of those five-and-ten-cent-store rubber balls about the size of a softball. I lallygagged around with balls like that right through high school."

Elvin's idol and model was Bill Russell. All day long he would stand under the bucket, perfecting moves that were designed to confound and defeat the great Celtic center. "Once in a while I'd see him bouncing that ball," says Melvin Rogers, "and he'd spin to his left and shoot a basket, and he'd say to me, 'Bill Russell got me to the right, so I hooked to the left!' That's all he had on his mind: Bill Russell. If there was a President of the United States, Elvin didn't know it."

In the eighth grade Elvin was still playing the role of the child who wanted to be different from his brothers and sisters, and he had started running with a bad crowd. "I became tough, and they had to put me in a special section of my class. But while I was running with that crowd I learned a lot about kids that they called bad. Nobody understood those kids. Nobody took the time. A lot of them had no other way to be noticed. They were poor, they had no books in their house, they had bad backgrounds. The only way they could be noticed in the world and get any attention at all was to be bad, to do mischievous things."

Elvin had not been in with the "bad" crowd for long when he came under the influence of the Rev. Dr. John Calvin, a former dean of men at Grambling. "Dr. Calvin showed me that someone understood me, and he made me realize that someone was willing to give me a hand and help me. He told me it was fine for me to want to be a basketball player, but I couldn't if I didn't study. He told me that the two things went together. This was the eighth grade. This was the turning point. From then on I started bearing down. From then on it was nothing but study and practice, study and practice."

At first, Elvin was too gawky and clumsy to count for much in the free ebb and flow of a basketball game. One year he was cut from the freshman team, and he spent that whole summer shooting baskets. He shot 11 hours a day. Eleven. He is sure, because it is not the kind of thing you forget. "That boy worked," says Melvin Rogers. "He had



that little rubber ball and that bucket and he wore them out. And Bill Russell was always in his mind. In his thinking he saw himself playing against Bill Russell right away. College was just a means to that. That's why I knew this year that there wasn't a chance that Elvin would sign with the Houston Mavericks. There's no Bill Russell in that league."

Louisiana maintains its segregation policies by having white high school teams play in one grouping and black in another, and Eula D. Britton High School won the black championship behind its superstar, Elvin Hayes, in his senior year. The University of Houston then offered him a scholarship and Elvin went into a world that flabbergasted him. "I walked around the Houston campus without saying a word, because I had a speech problem. My speech problem was that I talked like a small-town Southern Negro. I mumbled my words and strung them together, and certain words like 'individual' and 'computer' I couldn't say at all. I still have trouble with those words. I spoke the way the kids of Rayville spoke, not the way English was spoken in my home. So I decided to major in speech education, for two reasons. One was to help myself. The other was to try to help other kids with the same problem."

Elvin Hayes was almost the precise opposite of the typical Negro scholarship athlete from the minute he walked on the campus at Houston. He seemed to carry his stern mother perched on his shoulder. Ted Nance, the university's sports publicist, remembers when someone offered Elvin a cigarette and Elvin backed away as though in deep shock and said, "My mother'd whip me if she saw me with a cigarette!" He attended classes and studied his lessons as though his only chance to go up against Bill Russell lay in getting straight A's in every subject, and his diligence astounded his professors.

Hayes and Don Chaney were the first Negroes to play basketball for Houston, and Elvin immediately noted that, "the crowds expected us to be terrific every minute. When we weren't they got on us." Off the court, Elvin's size and personal dignity held racial incidents to a minimum, but four years at the University of Houston crystallized Elvin Hayes's own thinking about race, caste, delinquency and the problems of poverty. He had married as a junior and become a father as a senior, and except for his appearances in class and on the court, he had seldom been seen about the campus. "People would ask me where I was keeping myself, and I'd just shrug and say, 'Around.' "

Elvin was keeping himself in Houston's black ghetto, living around with the poor boys of grammar and high school age. "It's like this," he says. "Before I got into basketball in high school nobody noticed me. I know what that's like. So I go down there and I try to correspond to those kids, to show them that somebody cares for them, to show them that they have a place in life just like everybody else.

"You should see the change that comes over these kids when they find out you care. And that's what people can do nowadays. That's what whites can do, too. Just go around caring about people and instilling some truth into the younger heads. Tell them from birth why discrimination is wrong, how the world can be better."

Not long ago Melvin Rogers was sitting at his desk in the Eula D. Britton High School when the telephone rang. "It was Elvin calling long distance," says Coach Rogers. "He had just signed the contract with the San Diego team, and he wanted to know what the kids needed back home. I asked him, 'Elvin, what helped you the most in school?' He said, 'The recreation program. What does it need?' I said, 'Well, we have an old building here that could be turned into a recreation hall. And we need a hard-surface court with basketball nets all around.'

"And you know what Elvin said? Well, if you do know him I don't have to tell you. He said, 'Wait right there, Coach, wait right there! You'll have baskets all over the place!' " Elvin Hayes wants to save the remaining water elms in the quiet town of his childhood.

In his determination to work among the Negro poor, to unlock the tongues of mumbly-jumbly black children in the South, Elvin Hayes is typical of the new Negro athlete, whose commitments extend far beyond a lime-washed goal line or an outfield fence 356 feet away. But in other respects the Elvin Hayes story can be misleading. It can be cited, in fact, to buttress certain theories that have been used to keep the Negro in bondage since the Emancipation Proclamation. A white traveling salesman in Tupelo, Miss., makes the case on behalf of millions of racists. "Look at that Elvin Hayes. Started with nothing. Family had nothing. Came from the deep South, where we're supposed to be mistreating the Nigras. And look what happens? He gets a college education and a $440,000 deal. It just goes to show you: a Nigra *can* get ahead if he tries. Trouble is, most of them would rather sit around collecting welfare checks."

It is perfectly true that the Negro "can get ahead if he tries"—if the Negro is like Elvin Hayes, if he has an iron-willed mother like Savannah Hayes and a hard-working father like the late Chris Hayes, if he sprouts to 80 inches in height and has a fanatical determination to shoot baskets, if he has a patient coach like Melvin Rogers and an inspiration like the Rev. Dr. John Calvin, if he gets enough to eat, if he is not weakened by pellagra or worms, if he does not fall from rheumatic fever or pneumonia or any of the other diseases that seem to concentrate on Negro children, and a dozen or so other "ifs." If the chain of "ifs" is not broken at any point an Elvin Hayes may be produced. The yawning gulf that separates whites from blacks may be crossed.

This gulf between the races is dimly understood, even by many with bona fide intellectual credentials. The so-called liberals tend to look on Negroes as Americans who are exactly the same as whites except for pigmentation and a few minor physical characteristics. Give the Negro the chance to get into college, they say, and he will prove that there is no other difference, give the Negro the same job as a white man and the end product will be identical. Sadly, this approach breaks down as often as it holds up. The Negro *is* different, because the cultural deprivation that is visited upon the Negro child from the cradle onward has had its inevitable effect by the time of college or job-seeking.

John Novotny, the athletic counselor at the University of Kansas, entertains no illusions about the extent of this cultural gulf. "You go to their houses and there's not a single book," Novotny says. "People forget, it's a white pastime to

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have a bookshelf. White people can't seem to realize the environments these boys come from. It's easier to sit back and say they're inherently stupid, racially inferior, than it is to confront this problem and see it whole and do something about it."

Few Negroes are willing to discuss the cultural gulf; they prefer to pretend that it does not exist. The Negro has been called stupid for so many generations that he is supersensitive about allusions to matters like his reading speed, his spelling, his cultural background. KU's back, Don Shanklin, never read a book until he got to college. Harry Gunner of Oregon State had read one: *The Willie Mays Story*. Willie McDaniel, a KU tackle, cannot recall reading a real book. "But I did read some comic books. No, come to think of it I mostly just looked at the pictures."

The simple fact is that the black athlete who enters a white college must cram his belated education into four hectic years. He must make up for black secondary school systems that are underfinanced, understaffed and markedly inferior, and he must excel on the playing field all the while.

Shanklin talks about his "separate-but-equal" high school in Amarillo: "We had all the titles. We had a Spanish teacher, a trig and algebra and geometry teacher, a physics teacher, all the titles. But the trig teacher couldn't teach trig. She didn't have the background. There was a boy in my class used to get up and teach it sometimes; he was supposed to be helping the teacher, but he wound up doing more teaching than she did. In English it was the same way, except we didn't have no kid to help out. In my senior year of English we wrote one theme. It was the only writing I ever did before I came to college. My theme was on *What Christmas Means to Me*. Mostly I emphasized the toys and gifts and the holiday from school."

Mike Garrett has bad memories of his first days on the campus of the University of Southern California. "I was prepared only for football. I couldn't read and write as well as my classmates. How could I compete with students who had gone to high school in Beverly Hills, places like that?"

Melvin Rogers tells of how the Eula D. Britton school "couldn't offer a foreign language until last year. Our students were cut way down on their choice of colleges, because most colleges won't accept a high school graduate with less than two years of a foreign language. So right away we're inadequate. We still don't teach trig or any of the higher math that kids need these days." The Northern ghetto schools are not much better. "The differences are almost negligible," says Educator Novotny. "About the only advantage the Northern Negro gets is more up-to-date textbooks."

The University of Missouri's conscientious football coach, Dan Devine, one of the few coaches with a real understanding of the Negro's problems, sums up a lot in a brief way when he says, "I get letters from Negroes in which the spelling and punctuation are so bad it would make you want to cry."

"No white can say what a Negro goes through till you been a Negro," says Willie Worsley, one of the captains of the Texas at El Paso basketball team. "You may talk to Negroes, go out with Negroes and hang around with Negroes, but you don't know until you be one, and you can't be one if you're white. It's two different worlds, man."

How different? Consider a fundamental aspect of life—food. In the white world, food is something that is ladled out three or more times a day, consumed and largely forgotten. In the Negro world, food is a fascination, a preoccupation, an obsession. "Our colored athletes will spend their last dime on food," says Bobby Dobbs, football coach at Texas at El Paso. "They are a people that can go and eat in the chow hall, but if they've got any money later that night they will be over at the Wiener schnitzel or the fried chicken place. I don't think the white race puts that premium on food. Some people say it's because Negro children go hungry a lot. But I just think it's inherent with their race. That's what they live for is to eat, I think."

One is always meeting members of the sporting establishment who feel that certain characteristics of the average Negro are "inherent with their race." Tags and nickel slogans are popular in the world of sports, and the Negro athlete spends his life in a tight mesh woven of the white man's prejudices, clichés and sweeping simplifications.

"They say we like to eat," says Melvin Rogers, "and I say I agree; brother, we love to eat. And you take any white American who was brought up poor in the depression years and you'll find somebody else who loves to eat, and that's how simple it is. The depression never ended for the Negro, hunger is something he lives with, and he's gonna shovel that food down any chance he gets. Two years after he becomes financially stable, he's still shoveling that food down, trying to fill that hole in his stomach. Ten years later he's not much different. Inherent in the race? Not any more inherent than poverty."

The technique of hustling extra food at lunchtime has become a fine art with Negro high school athletes, most of whom come from the same deprived homes as the other Negro students and yet require more than a normal amount of sustenance. Melvin Rogers instructs his athletes on how to get extra milk—find somebody who doesn't like it and stand behind him in the cafeteria line. Another coach tells his players to make friends with girls who have not developed a taste for beans. Willie Worsley cultivated the Jewish students at De Witt Clinton High School in the Bronx, because "Jewish fellows don't eat too much at school. They get so much to eat at home they're just bored by the cafeteria food."

But not every Negro athlete is so lucky, or so clever. Some achieve years of athletic success on diets that would not sustain Tiny Tim. Bill Myles can show you dozens of them. Myles is a Negro who played center for Drake University's football team and returned to the black world as football coach at all-Negro Lincoln High School in Kansas City, Mo. "Sometimes I go to coaching clinics and hear some white coach tell me all the problems he has with the fathers—they complain that their sons are being discriminated against or that some other man's son is getting bigger write-ups in the paper. How can I talk to those coaches about common problems? My problem isn't how to deal with an irritated father, but to go out and buy a box of Cream of Wheat and half a dozen eggs so that one of my players and his family can eat for another day."

Last year Myles began to realize that he had a potential professional athlete on his hands, a boy who could run the 60-

yard dash in 6.2 seconds and the 100 in 9.7 and who rushed for 960 yards and 13 touchdowns in his senior year and had half a dozen colleges eyeing him. One day Myles went to the boy's address and found that he was living in a friend's car and scrounging food on the streets. Myles got the boy a job at the school so he could afford an occasional warm meal. As soon as the boy began eating he began trying harder in the classroom. "He'd been spending too much of his time figuring out how to eat," Myles says. The boy's name is Robert Buford.

Robert Buford is a 19-year-old very black boy, slightly built (5' 10", 163 pounds), with a Floyd Patterson haircut, a quick smile that reveals an uneven line of white teeth and a large nose spread over the middle of his face. He says it is a long story how he wound up living in cars, but the story mostly is that he kept being sent from relative to relative in various cities, and finally he ran out of relatives.

"I stayed in different cars every night till the beginning of last football season, when it started to get cold," says Buford. "I only had the clothes I was wearing. The only time I could take a shower was when my body started to odor and when I went into a friend's house they would smell me—that would be embarrassing—and they would tell their son to have me take a bath at their house. Now that I have $23 a week coming in, I live in a room.

"The people in my family are surprised that I have kept going to school. I been in trouble, yes, but not a whole lot. I have only been in jail once. When I was young I was arrested two or three times. The big time was when my brother went to Kansas and stole a car. I was driving it and got caught. They put me in jail for a day even when I told them I didn't know the car was stolen.

"I always wanted to be a hustler. Every time you would look up, the hustler would always have money. But that was before I started playing football. Now I want to be a pro football player.

"I used to starve a lot, but now when I'm gonna play in a game or run in a track meet I try to always get lunch. I have to bum money—ask people to give me a nickel or a dime—and most of the time I don't eat. I never eat breakfast, and sometime I miss the lunch meal and the evening meal, too.

"This year the coach got me a job, helping out around the school, and then when I set a meet record at an indoor track meet the school nurse baked me a birthday cake with my name on top of it. I didn't know what a birthday cake was, and it wasn't my birthday anyway, so she told me to pretend it was. School's not really such a bad place. I wake up at 6 o'clock and get to work at 7. I clean out the gym and then I talk to the fellows. My first class is metals, and it starts at 8:15. After that I go to English class and I don't like it. I got three right out of 100 on my English test. Most of the time I don't read. I don't write much, either. After English I go to woodwork, and after that I go to lunch. Then after lunch I have choir and then woodwork again and then gym. I don't go to gym much. I skip sixth and seventh periods and play pool."

Talking to Buford (he does not like to be called Robert or Bob, just "Buford"), one begins to get a chilled feeling. All through his recital of misery and despair he sounds neither miserable nor desperate. And suddenly one realizes that Buford is merely describing life as it is. He knows no other. Moving from a grandmother's place to a cousin's place to an aunt's place to parked cars is *normal*, never eating breakfast is *normal*, barely knowing how to read is *normal*. There is not a hint of self-pity about Buford, nor does he compare himself to other, luckier boys. He knows no luckier boys. In Buford's lexicon a bad boy is one who goes to the penitentiary for a long term. A hungry boy is one who has not eaten in two or three days. These are everyday definitions in the Negro ghetto of Kansas City.

Buford will not graduate from Lincoln High School—he will receive a certificate of completion that says merely that he was a good citizen and endured his allotted time in the halls of learning. He is a special student and goes to special classes. According to Coach Myles, Buford's mentality is average: "He just can't read." But he has heard about college, and he is desperate to go, not only for social reasons but as a stepping stone to pro football.

"The only people who put the college idea into his head were the college coaches," says a Lincoln teacher with the air of a man who sniffs disaster. Buford is exhilarated by the idea; he thinks he will go to junior college to catch up and then accept the best scholarship offer. Already he is planning to get a job this summer. "So when I go to college I'll have some clothes to wear." He does not say, "if I go to college." He says, "I don't want nobody to look at me and say, 'That boy used to be a good high school football player. Look at him now, out in the streets with all the drunks.' "

Someone has filled Buford's head with sugarplum visions of college life. "It's going to be fun in college," he says, "because most of the white boys and girls seem real nice and they're always talking to you and asking you how you're doing. College is the place you make a lot of friends."

Robert Buford, deprived black athlete, has a big surprise coming.

Ten years ago Buford would have breezed his way right out of the Kansas City ghetto and into any one of several dozens of colleges that wooed him. Nowadays standards have been tightened, and it will not be so easy for him to attend any college at random. But attend he will, for Buford represents too great a temptation to certain American schools that are selling themselves to the public on the basis of their athletic reputations. Some institution will yield to the temptation, and Buford, with his woodworking credits and his slow reading speed and his near inability to write will wind up posing as Joe College, while the campus intellectuals cluck around him and brag about how democratic their school has become and point Buford out on Brotherhood Day and say, "See? There's the proof. Except for his color, he's just like you and me."

Buford represents an extreme, but by no means can he be considered atypical. Every year hundreds of Robert Bufords find themselves on campuses, drowning in problems: money, where to get it, how to handle it, schedules, how to meet them, temptations, how to avoid them; classes and homework and meetings and chalk talks, and practice, practice, practice. Do most of them learn how to solve the problems? No. The gulf is too wide. Most Negro athletes remain on the black side forever.

continued



Coaches go through triple agonies trying to shepherd their black athletes across the gulf and seldom succeed, and for their troubles they usually have only themselves to blame Coaches are paid to win, not to solve social problems If a Negro with straight D's in electric shop can run the 100 fast enough there is always a coach willing to recruit him And when the trouble starts it is the fault of the Negro inherent in the race—never the school

In every college that recruits Negroes financial problems are commonplace To the average Negro, perched way across there on the other side of the gulf, money is another country He knows as much about handling cash as the average white student knows about handling coattmundis, they are equally rare in their cultures. "Here's a kid that came to this university without a dime," says a track coach about a black world-class athlete "Now he has a 1966 car. His apartment is great He spends $30 or $40 every chance he gets He's got the very best of clothes He's got two television sets Big ones Consoles! He bought a $550 RCA stereo I slip the kid money whenever I can. I made him money on the indoor circuit. I'm not supposed to, but I did. He wants everything, but he hates to pay the price. So he's up to his ears in debt " In a word, the athlete knows nothing about money He is handling it for the first time He is like a looter standing in front of a broken pawnshop window. His needs are greater than his sense of responsibility. With the poor, it comes with the territory.

Harry Edwards says, "You talk about accepting responsibility Well, I say to you, you take a new-born black child and you put him in a big, black box with a closed black top, and you open up that top when he's 21 and you say, 'Now, boy, you try to do my work!' Is it fair to expect him to measure up to a white child who you never put in a box?"

Because he has just popped out of that black box, the Negro athlete endures unbearable agonies of alienation and plain fright in the white classroom. Despite all the findings of biologists and anthropologists, most Negroes are convinced that whites are inherently smarter, that the Negro somehow is deficient in brainpower Negroes are just as prone as certain whites to mistake the cultural gulf for a biological gulf, and they downrate themselves accordingly

"The saddest cases of all are the ones that could pass their courses but just can't believe it," says John Novotny. "They are so bowled over by the white kids and the big words and the academic atmosphere that they give up."

The biggest part of the Negro college athlete's problem is the English language spoken one way in the white culture and another in the black White students, even the least intelligent ones, develop something of a feel for correct usage, but the most intelligent Negro students arrive on campus talking another tongue; they cannot have a feel for the white man's English because they have seldom heard it spoken

Morgan Wootten, who coaches basketball at DeMatha Catholic High School in Hyattsville, Md , the only high school that ever beat Lew Alcindor's team, remembers asking a white student 10 English questions from the college boards The boy got all 10 right, but he could not offer the slightest explanation for any of his answers They just "sounded" right, and since the boy had a white, Anglo-Saxon background and the college-board examinations have a white, Anglo-Saxon background, the boy scored 100% When the same 10 questions were asked of Negro students they would seldom get more than five or six correct. The answers simply did not "sound right "

"Black English has a different vocabulary," says John Novotny "The average Negro doesn't speak English at home We should offer him English as a foreign language in college The problem begins the second the professor gives an assignment Many of our Negro athletes have never been required to follow instructions So the first thing that happens is they fail to take down the correct instructions They don't even hear or comprehend correctly. It's the white man's language, and they don't get it "

Although it is possible to get a college degree and still remain on the black side of the gulf, it is more common for the Negro athlete simply to fail to graduate Colleges draw the line at giving their black athletes undeserved diplomas So

long as the Negro athlete has any eligibility left, he somehow hangs on in school. But after the last game his friendly advisor will call him in and remind him that he lacks too many required courses to graduate. Of course, he can return next year—at his own expense.

The statistics are depressing. For example, at the University of Washington between 1957 and 1967 seven Negro football players graduated, 13 did not. At the University of Oregon in the last three years, six Negro athletes graduated, five did not. Of 46 Negro athletes at the University of Utah, only one finished school in the normal four-year span, and only 11 others eventually got a degree. Utah State has graduated nine of 40 Negro athletes, five of them as four-year students. (In every instance at both Utah schools the ones who returned for degrees were professional football players.) Wyoming officials report they graduate less than 20%. Since 1960 California at Berkeley has graduated seven of 12 football players. Minnesota graduated four of nine Negro athletes in 1966 and 1967 and Michigan State eight of 14 football players in a three-year span. So it goes.

The University of Kansas is one of the rare institutions that suddenly has begun to develop some pride in the academic records of its Negro athletes. Intensive and sincere efforts are now being made to help some of them—but it was only yesterday that Wilt Chamberlain and Wayne Hightower and Gale Sayers and Walt Wesley were dancing their little dance at KU and then moving on, very little the wiser for the experience. None graduated. There were four senior Negroes on Loyola of Chicago's varsity basketball team this season, none graduated with his class.

Two years ago the all-black starters of Texas at El Paso defeated the all-white team of the University of Kentucky for the NCAA basketball championship, and the nationally televised game brought cries of joy to black militants and white liberals alike. If they had scratched a millimeter below the surface they would have realized that the victory was shallow. Of the five white players who started the game for Kentucky, five graduated. Of the five black players who started for UT at El Paso, none have graduated. Nor have the other two Negroes who were sitting on the Texas at El Paso bench. But they were not attending college for that purpose. They were there as black hired hands to bring a national championship to the little-known school, and the matter of their education ranked a distant second. A couple of them are still hanging around El Paso playing in pickup basketball games and making a buck.

"They don't get an education because their primary purpose is to compete," Harry Edwards says of Negro college athletes. "Their primary responsibility is to the athletic department, and at the end of four years they wind up with no degree, no job, and no references."

Tex Winter of Kansas State is one of the few white coaches willing to approach the subject with any degree of candor, and Winter does not like what he sees. "In basketball, we're getting ourselves into a situation where outstanding Negroes with talent are being exploited. We go out and look for the exceptional Negro basketball player, and without regard to his background, education, intelligence, morals and character we bring him into a white college environment with one purpose in mind—to get what we can out of him as a basketball player. The question now has become: Can you build a winning team without that kind of recruiting?"

"If we're going to recruit deprived Negroes and exploit them in sports, then we've got to give them the special educational treatment they require," says John Novotny. "If we don't want to give them special attention, we'd better stop recruiting them."

Some few coaches are beginning to understand that the Negro athlete can no longer be drilled in the rudiments of the fast break and then nudged toward the classroom without any further assistance. "Every coach who recruits a young man has responsibilities to that player from the moment he steps on campus," says Jim Padgett, the enlightened new head basketball coach at the trouble-torn University of California. "It's a huge step for the Negro athlete coming from a small town or a slum to a university. Those problems are the responsibility of the coach who brings him there."

Atlanta Falcon Back Junior Coffey says about his playing days at the University of Washington: "That was the big lack, the big problem. Coach [Jim] Owens seemed to feel that just because you're a Negro he shouldn't give you that extra hand. But that's wrong. A Negro in college is facing a big challenge, and he sometimes gets confused and needs guidance that the whites don't need. The whites have businessmen, lawyers, doctors and other whites to turn to. We scarcely have anybody."

And what of the star Negro athlete who simply lacks the qualifications and the intellect for college level work, who cannot make it at the white university no matter how many John Novotnys are willing to work with him and Jim Padgetts willing to counsel him? Does he quietly seek other honorable lines of work? No, he doesn't, and won't. There is always a place for a Negro athlete who can bring a college fame. As a Big Ten basketball coach says: "Things are now getting to the point where all a coach has to do is go out and pick up four or five good Negro players and let things take their natural course. In order to succeed—which means to win—coaches are being forced to resort to what I would bluntly call nothing else but the slave trade."

Because there is this brisk brokerage in hot-shot black athletes, and because college athletic directors are the original guys who can't say no, all manner of black athletes arrive on America's campuses. One or two may be superbly qualified, a few are eminently deserving, some are able, some are latent talents that bloom, some struggle through—and many are embittered failures. But there is one thing every last one of them discovers: life for a Negro athlete on an American college campus isn't what they thought it was going to be. No, sir.

Next Week

The black athlete on campus, urged by recruiters to join a society that ill suits him, he is excluded from the school community and demeaned by men who do not understand his special problems. He is wholly in the hands of one figure—his coach—who tells him not only how to play, but what to study, how to live and, above all, whom he must never date.



Denny McLain's legend grows with each pitch

DETROIT IS HAVING THAT DREAM AGAIN

If caring makes the difference, the homegrown Tigers—replete with bullpen, defense and starters—should outgame the league **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Baseball, as William Saroyan once so wisely observed, is basically a matter of caring. Few cities in this country have cared so much through the years as Detroit, a town that for 22 long and frustrating seasons has seen heroes, owners, managers and several close finishes come and go but never a championship flag waving over Tiger Stadium. During that span every team in the American League over the age of 7 has won at least one pennant. Now as the league contests its last valid championship, there is a growing conviction that Detroit's loyal followers may be about to parade down Woodward Avenue for the last hurrah.

Next season, of course, the league will be split into two divisions of six teams, and thus the 1968 champion will be the final one to earn its title by being the best of an entire league over a full season. How great that would be for Detroit and how great for the Tigers, who this year have already overcome a sick and maimed list that would have pushed other teams so deep down in their hospital beds they never would have recovered.

Al Kaline is a fine example. Nobody ever dreamed that the Tigers could lead anything without their plagued rightfielder, a member of 16 consecutive All-Star teams. Well, four weeks ago in the horrendous twilight of Oakland Stadium, Kaline failed to pick up the flight of a pitched ball and only at the last instant was he able to throw his hand up in front of his face. The ball broke the ulnar bone in his right forearm. The very next day Jim Northrup was hit by a pitch from the A's Jack Aker. He ran to the mound and started a melee that has had the Tigers fired up ever since. The team has won 20 and lost only 12 of its last 32 games. At one point last week the Tigers were so far in front of the rest of the league that the second-place Orioles were as close to 10th place as they were to first. At the end of the week Detroit held a 6½-game lead over Cleveland.

Kaline is not the only Tiger who looks like he is held together with Ace bandages and adhesive tape. Willie Horton, the home-run-hitting strong boy who draws tremendous cheers because he grew up in Detroit and once, as a 16-year-old, pounded a ball into the right-field pavilion of Tiger Stadium, comes to the plate with huge adhesive supports on his heels and spikes to help ease the pain from an Achilles' tendon operation last year. Bill Freehan, the fine Detroit-born catcher functions with a sore arm that he claims doesn't exist and with bruises from being hit by pitches 28 times in the last two years. Northrup plays with a sore knee, and Mickey Stanley, the spectacular defensive centerfielder, goes on despite cuts and bruises suffered while making a magnificent catch at Comiskey Park several weeks ago—a catch on which he dove headlong on the hard warning track, tumbled over and doubled a runner off first while tearing his arm and leg wide open.

Nobody knew what would happen in Detroit this year after the disappointment of last season, when the Tigers lost the pennant on the final day. With both the *Detroit News* and the *Free Press* closed down since November 1967, Detroit was groping desperately for almost any form of publicity. The tinder-box situation in the ghettos was not helping much, either. Season-ticket sales stayed at what they had been the year before, but orders for individual-game tickets dropped off drastically. Once the spring exhibition schedule started, however, sales began to climb, and by the end of July more than one million people will have paid their way into the home park.

There are several reasons for the strong box-office showing, not the least of them the pungent local flavor of the team itself. Management has established an identity with its followers by signing players from Michigan and Ohio—areas it considers its breadbasket—and by developing its own talent through the farm system. Often the Tigers will start a complete lineup made up of products of their own organization, and in this day of mass trading few teams in the majors can match that.

The team's fast start has also been a factor. The Tigers have shot out before, but never so successfully as this year. After losing on opening day they ran off nine straight wins, their longest winning streak in 19 years. But what has really kept the fans coming is the way the team has been playing. Its defense, always good, has been superb this season. Even better has been the bullpen,

which was responsible for more than half of the wins in the early streak. Gone are the Fred Gladdings, Hank Aguirres, Larry Sherrys and Dave Wickershams, whose weak relief pitching killed the Tigers' 1967 pennant chances. They have been replaced by youngsters who either gained slight experience late last season or who had never performed in a major league game before this one.

One member of the bullpen is John Hiller (5-2), a lefthander signed out of Scarborough, Ont. for no bonus at all, another is Pat Dobson, a righthander from Depew, N.Y. who got a $25,000 bonus and quite frankly admits that he "blew it all on cars and good living and enjoyed every second of it." The instant sensation, however, is Jon Warden, a 21-year-old in only his third year of organized baseball. After pitching three and a third innings this season, Warden's record was 3-0, and big league baseball should never really be quite that easy. The fourth member of the bullpen is Fred Lasher, whom the Tigers drafted *off* the Minnesota *Twins'* scrapheap for $4,000. A submarine pitcher, Lasher has already won four games and saved four others.

Detroit, finally, has the basic starting rotation of Mickey Lolich, Denny McLain, Earl Wilson and Joe Sparma. The four have seen their combined earned run average drop by well over a run a game from what it was last year at this time. McLain, a colorful and often bewildering character, is the American League's biggest winner with a record of 12-2, and his legend grows almost daily. Two seasons back he won 20 games and worked three perfect innings as the American League starter in the All-Star game. He stirred Detroit earlier this year by saying that the Detroit fans were the worst in baseball. McLain missed the last two weeks of the 1967 season when he dislocated a few toes after waking up one night and trying to chase away raccoons that were scratching at the garbage pails at his home.

This season McLain has switched from glasses to contact lenses and is once again throwing some of his sidearm pitches with great effect. "When I switched to the contacts," he says, "I began to see things I seldom saw before." What things? "Baseballs. Three years ago I used to be able to throw sidearm real good but then it hurt me to do it. My arm was strengthened through bowling this winter and it feels fine to throw sidearm again." How much bowling? "Oh, about 15 or 16 lines a night."

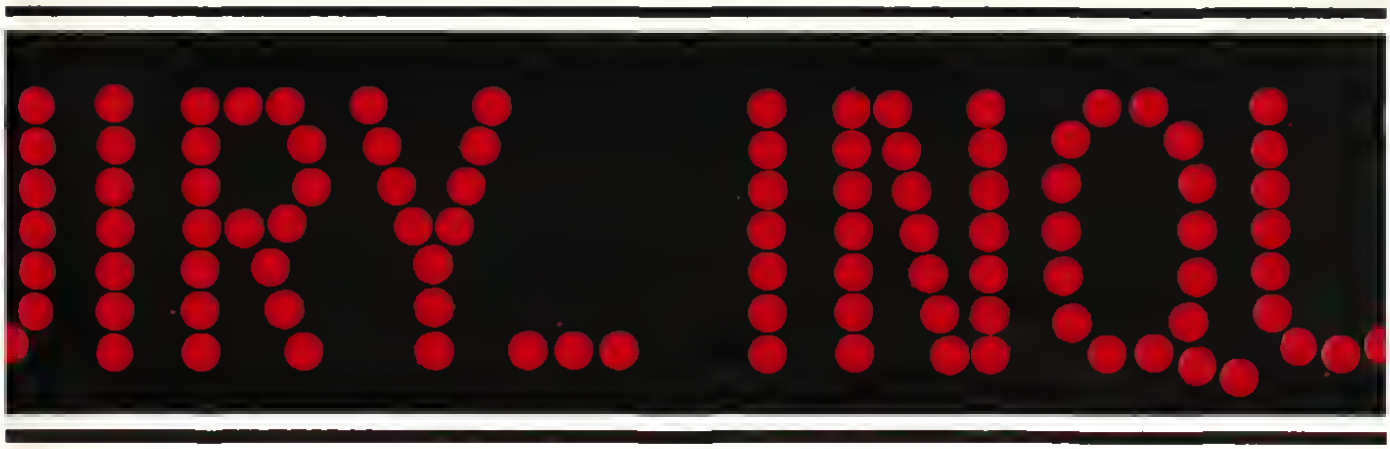


The legend of Mickey Lolich, established on the field, is enhanced by his noisy motorcycle

Another legend grows around Lolich. Each day the quiet outside of Tiger Stadium is shattered by the sound of his motorcycle as he comes to work. Lolich loves motorcycles and things like that. Last season he set a team record by going 84 days without a win, yet near the end of the year he was among the best pitchers in the game, winning nine of his final 10 decisions.

Wilson was injured early in the season when he jumped on first base and got a painful bruise on his heel. After missing five starts and three weeks, he has returned in fine form. He has already hit two homers to drive his career total to 28, only nine behind Wes Ferrell's American League record for homers by a pitcher.

This Tiger, in short, is a beast of different stripes. Of its first 66 games Detroit won 20 by scoring while tied or behind from the seventh inning on. As the enemy gave up 48 unearned runs, the good Detroit defense booted only 16. In the vital one-run games that normally decide pennants it has won 18, all but four of those on the last time at bat. This Tiger is biting so hard, in fact, that even Manager Mayo Smith, who went through the entire 1967 season without being thrown out of a game, has been bounced twice already. Unless somebody in the American League puts down some big traps fast, the only thing that is going to be seen of a Detroit Tiger this year is a tail wagging happily in the distance. END



The racetrack sign indicating suspicion of wrongdoing has flashed far too long since the Kentucky Derby. Here, from confidential sources, is a bizarre facet of the mystery **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The open hearings by the Kentucky State Racing Commission into the Derby drugging case now appear to be postponed indefinitely. That is the conclusion reached by many observers of the complicated legal maneuvers now in progress. The horsemen and lawyers involved are, for the most part, longtime business and racing colleagues, and many are apprehensive about what open hearings would reveal. They would like to postpone such unpleasantness forever.

What has happened is that a racing matter—was Dancer's Image drugged before the Derby and, if so, who did it?—has now been permitted to drift into the realm of the Kentucky State Bar Association. It may well take years of court proceedings to establish whether Peter Fuller should receive the Derby winner's purse of $122,600. If it takes that long to establish what happened to Dancer's Image, the sport of racing will suffer immeasurably.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is now able to reveal, from confidential transcripts, one of the more bizarre aspects of this remarkable case. It indicates why the whole affair must be cleared up promptly.

In the week after the Derby, Trainer Lou Cavalaris and his assistant, Robert Barnard, made voluntary statements to agents of the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, Inc. These were made in the presence of Arthur W. Grafton Sr., attorney for Peter Fuller, and Alvin Schem, Director of Security for Churchill Downs. Two other men were asked by the agents to make statements —Dr. Alex Harthill, who treated Dancer's Image in the week before the Derby, and Trainer Doug Davis, whose horses were stabled in an adjoining barn —but they declined.

Lou Cavalaris made his main point quickly, on the first page of his statement. "I wish to state that I did not give the horse Butazolidin prior to the race," Cavalaris testified, "have no knowledge of how the horse was given Butazolidin or by whom it could have been given to the horse. The only time to my knowledge that the horse was given Butazolidin was Sunday, April 28, 1968, at approximately 10:30 a.m." Not everyone in Barn 24 knew of this treatment, for later on Cavalaris states, "It should be noted here that I had never told Robert Barnard that the horse had been given Butazolidin on Sunday, April 28, 1968." As for Derby Day itself, the trainer adds, " . . . a muzzle was kept on the horse all day except for the period when he was fed his regular ration of oats at 10:30 a.m."

On Monday, May 6, when the stewards were officially notified that Dancer's Image had raced with Butazolidin in his system, they called Barnard in for questioning and searched Barn 24 as well as Barnard's possessions and his car. This activity around a Derby winner's barn did not go unnoticed. Cavalaris was ordered to appear before the stewards the following morning, Tuesday. But that evening he went back to Barn 24 to look after his horse. He states, "I arrived at the barn at about 7:30 p.m. [Monday] and as I walked past the laboratory of Dr. Harthill, I observed Dr. Harthill and Doug Davis making some white pills into granules and mix the granules into a 1/5th or 1/6th sack of oats. I walked on to my horse's stall and while standing in front of the feed room next to the stall, a trap door in the back of the feed room opened and Doug Davis stuck his head in the opening and then threw the sack into the feed room. At the time I saw Dr. Harthill approach down the shed row and I asked him what was going on. He replied that we were in trouble and had to do something. . . . I then checked the rest of my feed and upon checking a bag of bran which was better than half full I found it full of white granules mixed into the bran. I tasted the granules and found them to be bitter."

Cavalaris' trip to Barn 24 was apparently preceded by a similar visit by Barnard, who told the TRPB agents that about 7 p.m. "I went directly back to the track, and when I arrived Dr. Harthill was in his laboratory. He was smash-

ing some white tablets in a box using a hammer. I asked him if it was Butazolidin and he said it was. Then Davis arrived and the two placed the crushed Butazolidin on a piece of paper, covered it with another piece of paper and then Davis rolled a bottle over it, crushing it some more. . . . Davis said that he would distract the guard's attention, which he did, while Dr. Harthill went into the feed room and placed the Butazolidin in the bran. I stood outside the feed room. Then Dr. Harthill went and took the horse's temperature for no apparent reason, other than to make things look good for the guard."

The following morning, Tuesday, May 7, Cavalaris states, "Dr. Harthill admitted they doctored the oats but denied they touched the bran. Harthill said to me we know you were innocent and we're trying to help you. Doug Davis explained he knew about the barn search and heard about the positive report and that was the reason he called me and Dr. Harthill. He said they had a sort of brainstorm to help me because they knew I was innocent and that by putting Butazolidin in the oats they would be helping me. Dr Harthill denied he put anything in the bran. . . . I learned later Barnard was present and that he did observe Dr. Harthill put white granules into the bran. . . . He said he didn't say anything because he thought I was in on the act."

Barnard clarified his role by recalling events that took place about 9 a.m. Tuesday morning. "I showered and when I was getting dressed Mr. Cavalaris came in and asked me if Dr. Harthill had done anything to the bran and I told him about the Butazolidin. He said he appreciated hearing the truth and we then went to Dr. Harthill's laboratory where Mr. Cavalaris again asked the doctor about the bran and again he denied doing anything. Mr. Cavalaris then told Harthill that I had told him about the bran. Harthill then gave me a dirty look and again denied it, although he did subsequently admit it."

Speaking of that confrontation between himself and Dr. Harthill, Cavalaris states: "Now we've got the whole truth, they tampered with the bran also. I then faced Dr. Harthill and asked him why he lied to me. . . . Dr. Harthill did not reply. . . . After a long silence Dr. Harthill asked me how long I have known him. I replied about seven or eight days. He then said why would I want to harm you. I told him I did not know."

Later Tuesday morning, Barnard states, "Mr. Bonnie [Attorney Grafton's associate] then said it was a postrace matter and suggested that the doctored bran be disposed of. It was agreed that Mr. Grafton would handle this." Cavalaris states, "At about 12 noon that same day as I was leaving the barn, I heard Dr. Harthill tell Whitey to put the sack of bran which I had set in front of the guard into Mr. Grafton's car."

Responsible, able Kentucky racing officials have had this information—and much more—for nearly two months now. They should discharge their responsibilities quickly. **END**



Assistant Trainer Barnard, holding Dancer's Image, told an astonishing story to TRPB agents.

SOME OLD BOYS MAKE A STAND

Heroes of past Olympics tried, with mixed success, to relive earlier triumphs at the AAU championships last week. One oldtimer even made it into the thick of a roaring assault on the 100-meter record **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

They do not grunt or wheeze any louder than the others, they only seem to. Being more vulnerable, they smell of medicines and carry muscle relaxants, and they are said to get high on Geritol. They have the look of men who now know the meaning of responsibilities and 6 o'clock feedings. They are the leftovers, athletes trying to come back, or already back, or just dreaming. The young guys call them the "old guys." Some of the old guys are even past 30 and therefore not to be trusted. They are not to be trusted, because they are liable to take a few tickets to Mexico City away from the young guys. The young guys think the old guys should stay home and watch television.

Having been Olympic heroes already, the old guys follow a familiar pattern: they are seized every fourth year with an Olympic fixation. The way back is a route one of them calls "The PTA"—Pain, Torture, Agony. They will suffer it to retrieve the Olympic status that was once theirs.

Those seized for 1968 were in Sacramento last weekend for the AAU championships. Al Oerter, for example. There will probably never be a major discus competition without Al Oerter making it in his whitewall neck protector. And Ralph Boston, popeyed and limby, his legs growing from his armpits, making great springy steps down the long-jump runway.

Every Olympic year the AAU meet, like the NCAA before it, becomes a tryout where six finishers in each event qualify for the Olympic trials. The trials take place this weekend in Los Angeles, are repeated in September at Lake Tahoe, and the ultimate survivors go on to Mexico City, which is what the old guys had in mind when they appeared at Sacramento.

Some of them quickly disappeared. Mike Larrabee is now 34 years old, with three kids and a T shirt that says RUN FOR FUN. Mike won the Olympic 400 meters in 1964. Last week he did not get past the trial heats. He said that was all right, because he was just a fan now who happened to like watching a race from the inside out. John Thomas, the Boston tall boy who has twice won Olympic high jump medals, made an imperious figure in the motel lobbies the week of the meet. He was not nearly as exciting on the track. He did not qualify. Unable to do better than 6′ 9″ (Ed Hanks won at 6′ 11″), Thomas sat down wearily on the grass and said, "Well, that's 12 years finished." Other former Olympians expired early. Sprinter Paul Drayton and Hurdler Willie Davenport could not qualify. Hurdler Blaine Lindgren and Pole Vaulter John Pennel were rumored on a comeback, but neither showed.

Even at his best Larrabee probably would not have beaten Lee Evans (winner by inches over Vince Matthews in 45 seconds flat) in the 400, and Lindgren and Davenport would have had tough going against Earl (The Pearl) McCullouch, high-hurdles winner in 13.5. In fact, erosion has begun to show even on some of the grand old PTA members like Oerter and Boston.

Boston calls this his season of farewells and goodbys and *au revoirs* and *auf wiedersehens*. He is now 29, an Olympic gold medal winner in 1960, a silver medal winner in 1964 and tired. He had not jumped 26 feet since last April. He said he was behind in his training, and his new job as guidance counselor at Tennessee A&I ("I help lost souls") takes up a lot of his time. Thus inhibited, Boston jumped 26′ 7¾″ last week, his best of the year. The trouble was that 21-year-old Bob Beamon jumped 27′ 4″. Still, Boston finished



In the final of the hectic 100-meter dash, Charlie Greene edged Jimmy Hines as the four men behind them finished in a near dead heat. The first six were all clocked in 10 seconds flat.

second and qualified for the trials.

So did Oerter, who is now 31. Oerter, winner of the discus gold in 1956, 1960 and 1964, has lost 15 pounds and some ground to fellow Olympian Jay Silvester, who himself is 30 but keeps improving. A month ago Jay threw 218' 4", a world record, and there were tears all around as he happily hugged his wife and 5-year-old daughter Lisa, who loves track meets. Last week Oerter was not quite back in form: he threw 194' 6". He said he was building for September. Silvester did not choose to wait: he threw past 200 feet twice and won at 203' 9".

There are others in the PTA crowd who have aged well. George Young, pushing 31, was only four seconds off the world steeplechase record with a time of 8:30.5, a new American mark. Probably the most amazing Olympic incumbent, however, is little Mel Pender, who likes to call himself "The World's Oldest Sprinter." Pender had a big week: he was made captain in the Army and he tied the listed world record for the 100 meters (10.0). Alas, he was just one of a crowd. In an outlandish display of sprinting, seven Americans tied or broke the 100-meter record during preliminary heats. So did Jamaica's Lennox Miller and France's Roger Bambuck. It all began with Jimmy Hines running a 9.8 trial heat with the help of a brisk wind. With or without the wind, no one has ever run 100 meters that fast. Said Hines: "I can run faster if I have to." Pender led the next windy heat at 10 flat, and Lennox Miller followed with a wind-aided 9.9. Then the wind died down, and Charlie Greene tied the record officially at 10 flat.

In the semifinals Hines ran a record-breaking 9.9, official this time because the wind was within the legal limit (4.47 mph). In the same picture, same fraction, therefore same record, though second in the same heat, was Ronnie Ray Smith. Pender was barely an earlobe behind Smith, actually closer to Smith than Smith was to Hines, but they had to draw a line somewhere and they drew it in front of Pender. When Pender saw the picture he argued that he, too, should have been awarded 9.9 and the record. He lost his argument.

Then the suave, smooth, cool, supremely confident Charlie Greene ran 9.9 in *his* semi and came back in the final to edge Jimmy Hines by the width of his chest in an almost anticlimactic 10 flat. Just past the tape Greene, as though totally and finally destroyed by the succession of ultimate efforts, collapsed and fell. He lay motionless for a long time, but then, with the help of officials, slowly regained his feet, rubbing a cramped muscle in his left calf.

There were two other prominent members of the 1964 Olympic team who have seldom been heard from since. Bob Schul, winner at 5,000 meters in Tokyo, and Billy Mills, who won at 10,000. Mills said he had been establishing himself as "a merchant of economic immortality" (insurance salesman) in San Diego and had been training only fitfully. On June 7, however, he had run a creditable 28:49.2 in the 10,000 at San Diego. "I don't like to train," he said. "I like to compete. I'm beginning to wonder how much training is water under the bridge and how much is actually useful. That's blasphemy to a guy who's used to running 150 miles a week. But, except for my back, I feel good. I hurt my back getting in and out of my little car. Bucket seats, you know."

In the 5,000 Schul, now 30, finished



Ailing Olympic Winner Mills had to drop out.

fifth (and thereby qualified for the trials) well behind the winner, Pfc. Bob Day, a 23-year-old. Schul was not dissatisfied. "I felt it in my legs. And the shoulders were tight as hell, which is unusual for me. But it's coming. I wouldn't be surprised if I had my best year since 1964."

Mills ran in the 10,000 the following night. At the start he appeared strong and stayed near the lead in a tight bunch with another 23-year-old Army Pfc., Tracy Smith, the eventual winner, and three others. Mills looked good through 10 laps. Then abruptly, after 2½ miles, he moved off the track and began raising and lowering his arms as if to relieve a cramp. "I couldn't breathe," he said, lying on a table in the trainer's tent. "For two or three laps I could feel my back tightening up, then it went into my arms like a paralysis, and I couldn't breathe. A couple more laps and I'd been no good at all. My legs felt fine and I feel fine now, but I think the back has to be looked at."

With a doctor's statement attesting to the injury, and assuming some good performances between now and September, Mills is likely to get a second chance to make the team when the final trials are held at Lake Tahoe. In the meantime he will take his family and join Jim Ryun in high-altitude training at Flagstaff, Ariz.

Ryun is up there now. He was up there on Thursday when his half-mile world record was finally recognized by AAU President David A. Matlin and Colonel Donald Hull, executive director of the AAU. The record had been gathering dust for two years before Gerry Lindgren spoke out in Ryun's behalf and against the feud between the AAU and the NCAA that had resulted in the delay of recognition.

A delegation of the men's track and field committee of the AAU, headed by Chairman Hilmer Lodge, Bob Giegengack and Payton Jordan, demanded that Matlin and Hull submit the record for international approval. At first the two refused. The delegation appealed to their sense of fair play. Then they appealed more strongly by saying they would walk away and let Matlin and Hull run the meet all by themselves. That seemed to do it. **END**

Earning a Varsity Letter Out West

Photographs by James Drake

The [illegible] and [illegible] Rodeo [illegible] brings together [illegible] summer [illegible] exclusive collection of [illegible] athletes in the nation. Like the flailing, spread-eagled [illegible] at right, campus cowboys are a highly specialized breed, carrying on an old frontier tradition without benefit of scholarships, high pressure recruiting or staffs of assistant coaches. Last year's national championships were held in the red rock rugged cliff country of Southern Utah, with Dixie College of St. George as host. The men competed in bareback, saddle bronc and bull riding, calf and ribbon roping and steer wrestling. *(following pages)*, the women in goat tying and barrel racing. They paid their own way across wide dusty deserts in buses and pickup trucks, carrying their sleeping bags, packs and airtight rope containers and in St. George they did and died and ate dirt for dear old Sam Houston State and Olds Agricultural & Vocational. Around them, in addition to some of the most magnificent, unspoiled landscapes in the world, were relics of an industry that gave the area its name. When the Civil War cut off supplies of cotton to the burgeoning Mormon settlements around Salt Lake City, Brigham Young sent 300 families south to produce the essential crop. They founded St. George, fulfilled their mission and dubbed their home Utah's Dixie.


BIG APPLE CO

[illegible] the intense white light of the [illegible] floods the hot, wide Main Street in St George [illegible] cool evening, action turns to the arena. A lean [illegible], hungry Flying U cayuse streaks across the Sun Bowl grass, giving his flailing rider a series of flank-flapping twists between bucks. When you have only a little handle to hang onto one-handed, it's a long eight seconds. Clenching in his teeth the "[illegible]" used to wrap the kicking calf's legs, roper [illegible] Williams, wearing the red vest of Sam Houston State, struggles to throw an oversize beast. Champion All-Around Cowboy A. C. Ekker, who runs his family's ranch near Green River, Utah and attended the university in Salt Lake City, has what the laconic world of rodeo would describe as a little dab of trouble with a tough-necked steer. So far, only Ekker is on the ground











Dogging and Dancing in Dixie

The feared six horsemen of California Polytechnic and Casper College of Wyoming were the favorites for the team title at St George, but dark horse Tarleton State upset both. A little college in the central Texas town of Stephenville, Tarleton won with only one well-known cowboy, no saddle bronc riders, its best roper grounded because of a car accident and a faculty advisor whose area of expertise is drainage and irrigation.

Two untypically intense cowboys from Utah and Southwest Texas, respectively, A C Ekker and Phil Lyne, dominated the all-round competition Ekker, walnut brown, black haired, mean looking but soft speaking, won with a first in ribbon roping, thirds in calf roping and bull riding and a fourth in steer wrestling Lyne will be back as leading cowboy at this year's finals in Sacramento, July 3–7, and Tarleton, Cal Poly and Casper will again be the top teams

But breakneck rustling and rassling are only part of the attraction of a collegiate rodeo championship. A visitor riding into St. George last year dipped down out of parched countryside into a valley verdant with fruit trees, red with Mexican fire bush and scarlet with Hibiscus There were pieces of covered wagon along the Spanish Trail, souvenirs of an especially savage massacre, and an alabaster Mormon temple under maroon, lavender and vermilion cliffs. The holidaying parade crowd waiting in the shade of the tabernacle lawn at St George saw bright floats, colts, Stars & Bars and color everywhere amid constant reminders of the friendliness and informality of another day At the nightly street dances in Dixie, where once the early Saints in their ward amusement halls danced the schottische, the six-nation and the polygamy waltz—a waltz with two female partners for each man, not much seen recently—rock was nowhere and the cowboy one-step prevailed Watching the bobbing high-crowned hats, girls sat on hay bales along the curb waiting to be asked to dance. In the desert's 2?% humidity the sky was as black and the stars as glaring as on the moon And down by the Big Hand Cafe, a Greyhound waited, Chicago on its destination sign, a vehicle as otherworldly as a spaceship

There was, too, the sage-spiced talk: "That'll raise hob with your boot budget. . . ." "This grass makes the broncs buck better, but it's sure hard to get a whip on a steer. . . ." "She walks kinda prissy, but she's got nice hindquarters. . . ." "One year a bull come over the fence right into the crowd. Nobody was hurt, but we had a cleaning bill for 400 people." This year, an albino bull kept going straight out the gangway and down the street, leading an impromptu lariat-twirling posse on a tour of downtown St. George.

And if the fun generated by the collegiate cowpokes wasn't contagious enough, they did their best to draw in the strangers. An Eastern visitor, hot and dusty, trudged into his motel one evening and was pinioned by six poker-faced young toughies They took off his belt and shoes, removed his wallet, swung him over the pool and threw him in "We *had* to throw you in," one apologized solemnly, "we'd thrown everyone else in. Including the manager." The visitor observed that if they had thrown an Eastern motel manager into his own pool, he'd have called out the entire state police force. "Oh, this one called in the highway patrolman all right," the cowboy replied "He asked to see the trooper's gun, and the cop gave it to him. So we threw the trooper in, too."

HAROLD PETERSON



Rodeo is a scary explosion of animal energy. His thrashing hooves splintering the chute boards, a whinnying bronc notifies his rider that he is going to score a lot of high-bucking points The bulldogger making the jump from steed to steer slams into sudden brute power Yet when quiet descends on this arena, it brings the peace of green and airy places

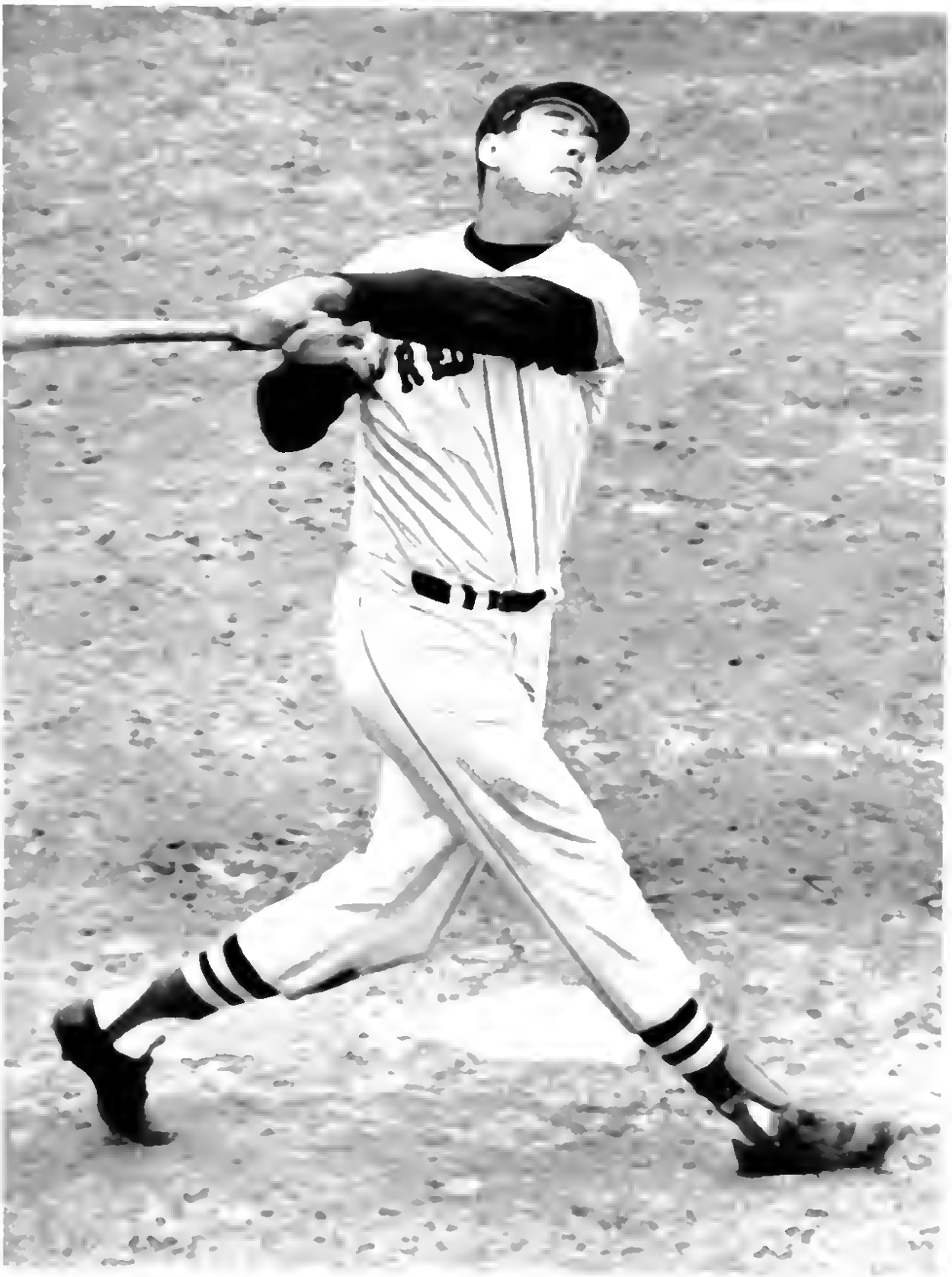
PART 4: HITTING WAS MY LIFE

LAST DAYS OF GLORY



Called back to the Marines during the Korean war, Williams flew 39 missions and one time narrowly escaped death when his plane landed in flames. Remarkably, at an age when most players are through, he returned to greater batting feats and an ultimate triumph: a home run (right) his last time at bat

by TED WILLIAMS with JOHN UNDERWOOD



CONTINUED

After the 1950 All-Star Game when I hurt my elbow, the balls never really flew off the bat the way they had before. The next year there was enough weakness in the elbow for me to know that I wouldn't be hitting with authority for a long time. Despite the injury and despite my previous service and despite approaching my 34th birthday, I was called into the Marines in 1952 for the Korean war. I would not return until late the next season. Together, the war in Korea and World War II took four and a half years out of my career. Much has been made of this, and much speculation over what I could have done or would have done with those vital years. I wonder myself. I was not alone, of course. Hank Greenberg lost three years, most of a fourth and part of another in World War II. Bob Feller lost three years plus. Joe DiMaggio lost three.

I was singled out for sympathy because I was called up twice. In my heart I was bitter about it, but I made up my mind I wasn't going to bellyache. I kept thinking one of those gutless politicians someplace along the line would see that it wasn't right and do something. They haven't called up the Reserves for Vietnam yet, and for flyers that has been a bigger war. The unfairness of the Selective Service is obvious when you know how the draft laws and exemptions work. If you are going to have a draft, there is only one way to do it, of course, and that's to draft *everybody*.

I felt we should have been in Korea, just as we should be in Vietnam, but I also felt we only half tried to win. I'll tell you one thing, though. The men I met in the Marine Corps were the greatest gung-ho guys I ever met. I gripe, but there were guys in there with four kids, right out of the Reserves, too, and I'd hear them say, "I'm not going to bitch about it, this is the right thing we're doing."

Two weeks after the 1952 season started, I was on my way to Willow Grove, Pa. for a refresher course in flying. By this time my old Navy Corsair was practically obsolete. Jets were the thing. A friend of mine, Bill Churchman, had just come back from Korea where he had flown the Corsair, and he said, "Listen, if you can get in jets, do it. If you take a Corsair into a target at 400 miles an hour, you have to go out at 400 miles an hour. You take a *jet* in, you're going 420, you release your bombs, you get the hell out of there at 500." I could certainly see the logic in that. I kind of wanted to fly jets, anyway.

Well, one Saturday afternoon, a real pleasant, clear day at Willow Grove, I was warming the top bunk when *swisssssssssh*, a plane came over the field. Little while later, *swisssssssssh*, the plane again. Finally I got down and looked out, and sure enough it was an F-9 jet, zooming around the field and raising hell. About 15 minutes later you could hear the sirens and the fire engines, everything heating it out of the base. I jumped into my car and chased after the commotion, not knowing what had happened. When I got to where the engines stopped, they were trying to put out a fire. The F-9 had gone down, exploded and was burning. There were people crowding around. A big crane was pulling out part of the tail and part of the engine, pulling out a tire, pulling out this and that. When they neared the bottom somebody said, "Hey, it looks like the fellow got out, he must be over there someplace." Then they dragged out a shoe with a foot in it. Oh, Jesus, he was mangled. The worst thing I'd ever seen. I saw two guys spin in and crash one time, but they were in one piece. This guy was *crunched*.

Despite that, I was impressed with the jets the minute I got in one, easy to fly, easier than props because they had no torque, less noise, tricycle landing gear. Wonderful flight characteristics. Turn one over and it would just r-o-l-l, nothing to it. We rushed into ground school at Cherry Point, N.C. After that we went to cold-weather training school in the Sierra Nevada, living on canned stuff, spruce boughs for beds, parachute for a tent, and I liked to froze my tail off. Sure enough, down with another virus. When we got to Tokyo, everybody went out on the town except me. I stayed in bed for two days, feeling lousy.

Somebody wrote one time that I had privately resigned myself to my fate, that I thought I was going to Korea to die. That's not true. The thing that always brought me to my senses about relative dangers was the F-9. When I flew it I always marveled at how good a plane it was and how much better off I was than some of those guys in the South Pacific who flew over water all the time and in equipment that wasn't as good.

After about eight or 10 missions, I began to get real sick. The weather was miserable, cold, foggy, misty. My ears and nose plugged up. I was going to the infirmary every other day. Well, I was out on this one mission, far above the 38th parallel, and we had dropped our bombs when sure as hell I got hit with small-arms fire. We were in pretty low, using daisy cutters that day, antipersonnel bombs that hit and spread out. All the red lights went on in the plane and the damn thing started to shake. I knew I had a hydraulic leak, fuel warning light, fire warning light. There are so many lights on a jet that when anything serious goes wrong the lights almost blind you.

I started to call right away. I had a plane in front and one to the side, but I couldn't pick anybody up. All of a sudden this plane was right behind me. The pilot was a young, sandy-haired lieutenant named Hawkins. He could see I was calling, nodding my head, and the last I heard was, "I can barely read your transmission," and the radio pooped out. He came up close and signaled with his thumb. "Let's get up." So we climbed. Altitude is a safety factor. The thinner air helps in case of fire, and if you get up another 10,000 feet you can glide 35 to 40 miles if the engine fails.

I got up to 18,000 feet, and I could see frozen water on my right. Any minute I expected I'd have to bail out, a prospect I had always dreaded having to face. Among other things, the cockpit is small. For a big guy, cramped in like I was, I thought I'd surely leave my knees right in there.

Lieut. Hawkins did a great job. He led me back to the field and called in to warn them. From the target to the base, flying time was about 15 minutes. All of a sudden I was over the field. It was a madhouse. Everybody was coming in from the mission at once, about 60 planes, all low on fuel. But all I had eyes for was that tiny little field. I started to make my break on a fairly tight turn, when *fffuuuuuum*, a big explosion in the plane. One of the wheel doors had blown off. Fire and smoke billowed out from underneath the plane. Why a wing didn't go was just an act of God. But the plane was still together and all I cared about was getting on that deck.

I came in at about 225 miles an hour,

twice as fast as you'd ordinarily do it. My approach was good, and I'll never forget looking down and seeing this little Korean village near the field. As 30 feet of fire streamed from the rear of my plane, the villagers ran to beat hell. I pulled the emergency wheel latch but only one wheel dropped down. I hit flush and skidded up the runway, really fast. For more than a mile I skidded. I could see the fire truck, and I pressed the brakes so hard I almost sprained my ankle, and all the time I kept screaming, "*When is this dirty s.o.b. going to stop.*" Geez, I was mad. I always get mad when I'm scared, and I was praying and yelling at the same time. Farther up the runway the plane started sliding toward a second fire truck, which, dust flying behind it, tried to get out of the way. I stopped right at the end of the runway. The canopy wouldn't open at first, then I hit the emergency ejector, and the fire was all around me, everything on fire except the cockpit. Boy, I just dived out and kind of somersaulted. When I stood up I took my helmet and *slammed* it on the ground, I was so mad. I came back and looked at the plane later and it was ashes.

I was back flying the next day, but it wasn't long before the cold and coughing got worse. I was really sick now, the sickest I've been in my life. They flew me by helicopter to the hospital ship off Pohang, and I don't know how many days they had to feed me intravenously. I had pneumonia. I was on the ship three weeks, and when I got back my head was plugged up all the time. I couldn't hear the radio. I was up to 39 missions when they sent me back to Japan for treatment, then to Hawaii, then to the Bethesda Naval Hospital in Maryland, and once I got there they said the hell with it and mustered me out.

I went right back to baseball. I worked out with the Red Sox for about a week, then pinch-hit once in St. Louis, and on my return to Boston I pinch-hit again. It was the seventh inning against Mike Garcia of Cleveland and I hit a low fastball over the right center-field fence. For the rest of the season I hit .407 in 91 times at bat. Joe Cronin said I had set spring training back 20 years.

On the first day of spring training the next year, I fell coming in for a line drive and broke my collarbone. They had to pin it to make it right. After that, there was always something. A bad back, another case of pneumonia, an injury to the arch of my foot when I slipped off one of those wooden bath shoes in the shower one day. The writers kept finishing me up, and I kept jamming their words back down their throats. I was 35, 36 now, but I didn't *feel* old. I still don't feel old as I near 50. I was still the best hitter in the league. I would have won the batting championships in 1954, but they were walking me so damn much I didn't get to bat quite enough times. Because of that, they changed the rules so that now a batter needs only 502 *physical* appearances at the plate rather than 400 official times at bat to qualify for the championship.

But those were not particularly exciting years. We were never in the pennant race. I was tired a lot. Mad a lot. I went to spring training in 1956 thinking it would be my last year. Coming north we were delayed in New Orleans, and Hy Hurwitz, the Boston writer who I always thought of as a troublemaker, brought this little guy from a New Orleans paper into the lounge. We were sitting and talking and somebody started in on the Korean war. One thing led to another, and before long I was blasting everybody—the Marine Corps, Truman, Senator Taft, the way you would do if you were a sailor on a ship grousing with your buddies about the damn admiral. I never dreamed this was any kind of formal interview. The writer, who got nabbed for drunk driving a short time later, splashed that thing all over the paper, and I was back in the soup again. Wasn't that silly? To write what a ballplayer would say in casual conversation about a President or a Senator?

In 1957 I started the season mad and I finished mad, and in between I probably had the most amazing season any near-40-year-old athlete ever had. I'll never forget, I'd used a slightly heavier bat that spring, just trying to meet the ball a little better, and the bat felt so good I began the season with it. I choked up a little more, and gee, the balls were just ringing off it, sharp hits to left field, center, right. We were in Chicago one day and they were playing that tough shift on me, and I hit three bullets just to the left of second base, *pshew*, *pshew*, *pshew*. Next series, same thing.

The league started waking up—Williams is 38 years old; it looks like he can't pull the ball anymore. Everybody started opening up a little bit, spreading out, giving me some room. And sure enough in June, when I always get rolling, I began swishing the bat like old times and the ball was whistling into right field, except now there were *holes*. Every time I hit the ball it went through a hole. And there were home runs, big ones, even when I got tired.

I remember we went into Cleveland, and it was another one of those cold, rotten nights. Early Wynn was pitching. I hit a home run the first time up and a home run the second time up, and I said to Manager Mike Higgins, "Come on, Mike, take me out." He said, "What for? You might hit another." Sure enough, I hit another, tying a major league record. It was the second time that year I'd hit three home runs in one game. At one point I hit four straight home runs. The most phenomenal thing that happened, though, was getting on base 16 straight times, counting walks, hits and being hit by a pitch. That might be a record to last forever. For the year I hit 38 home runs and batted .388, five hits short of .400.

As always, I went to Joe Cronin, the general manager, after the season to talk about a new contract. He asked me, "What do you want?" Never any arguments, just little discussions and it was over, bang, boom, bang. I said, "Joe, I'm going to quit after two years. I want a two-year contract, for such and such. How does that hit you?" Fine. Simple as that. The biggest two-year contract in the history of baseball to that time. And gee, in 1958 I led the league again with .328, beating out Pete Runnels on the last day of the season.

Right after that game I got on a plane and flew to Boston, then to Bangor, Me. late that night. The following day I was out on the Miramichi River for the last day of the salmon season. I have always felt that going after Atlantic salmon was the greatest fishing there was. I got on the river at about 2:30 in the afternoon. The season would be closed in two hours. The wind was blowing like a son of a gun, right downriver, and I had to fish on the left side, casting to keep the fly away from me, picking it up slow and laying it down easy. And boy, I got hold of the fightingest salm-

continued

on I ever caught, a 20-pound hooked-bill, a beautiful fish. I've never had another like it. I was so happy that night, there in my cabin on the Miramichi. I felt, gee, here I am 40 years old and feeling like I could go on forever.

Then, in the spring of 1959, I was sitting under the coconut trees with a bat in my hand, out back of my house in Islamorada in the Florida Keys, telling an old friend what I thought I was going to do that season and how good I felt. I got up and started swinging the bat, just swinging it as though it were a fly swatter. I didn't realize it then, but I hurt my neck that day. I'm sure of it.

The Red Sox were training in Scottsdale, Ariz. that year, and it was a lot cooler out there than it was in Florida, actually cold at night, and right away my neck began to bother me. I couldn't bend my head. To turn my neck, I had to turn my whole body. They finally took X rays, and Doc Fadden, the trainer, and one of the doctors agreed I should be sent up to Boston to see the orthopedic specialist at Lahey Clinic, Dr. John Poppen. I wound up in traction for two weeks with a pinched nerve. I remember being in that hospital, feeling down, and getting a letter from John Glenn. I'd been with him in Korea and he said he was writing to tell me he was going through the centrifuge, the weightlessness chamber, and I'd really get a kick out of it. Just after that they announced who the astronauts would be and John Glenn was the one from the Marines. I wish I still had that letter.

When I finally got out of the hospital and back with the team, I was no good to anybody. I had a miserable year. By far the worst of my career. Because I could barely turn my neck toward the pitcher, I wasn't getting nearly enough of a look, and I thrashed around all year near .250. A lot of times I wouldn't even go to the dugout between innings if I didn't think I would get to bat. I'd just wait in the bullpen. The only relief I got was when the season ended. Then the Red Sox owner, Tom Yawkey, called me in.

My two-year contract was up, but I sure wasn't thinking about quitting on a sour note like this. I went up to his apartment at the Ritz-Carlton, and he started talking and I could see what was on his mind. Finally he said, "What do you think you ought to do next year?" And I came right back at him. "What do *you* think I ought to do?" He said, "Ted, I think you ought to quit." Like that. He said, "You've had a great career. You were hurting this year, and I don't want to see you hurt more. Listen, why don't you just wrap it up."

Well, that kind of burned my butt. Sure, I had just turned 41, but what had happened in 1959 had nothing to do with age. I was hurt. I'd hit .356, .345, .388 and .328 in the four previous years. Then .254. Clearly an injured man. I said, "Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Yawkey, I'm going to wait until spring to decide. I still think I can hit. If by spring I feel I can't, I'll let you know."

I was now an old, old man as far as baseball was concerned. Forty-two in August. Ty Cobb was out of baseball at 42. DiMaggio, Ruth, Hornsby, Foxx, Greenberg, they were all out of the major leagues before they were 42. But I felt good that spring. Not The Kid from San Diego anymore, all full of spit and vinegar, but not old either.

Billy Jurges started the season that year as the Boston manager, and I remember his saying the most he expected from me was 100 games, and the least was pinch-hitting. I had no intention of just pinch-hitting. I played 113 games. First game of the season, first time up I hit a 500-foot home run off Camilo Pascual, who was always tough for me, and the next day I hit another home run off Jim Coates of the Yankees. At one point I was hitting a home run every seven times at bat.

The year went by in bits and bursts. I was tired a lot of the time, and my neck still bothered me. I know I wasn't swinging exactly the way I wanted to all the time. But I was hitting home runs and I was staying well above .300. One night in Cleveland the weather was bad. A couple of days earlier I had hit my 499th home run. In our lifetime there won't be a dozen guys to reach 500, but that night I went to Mike Higgins and said, "Mike, how about taking me out of the lineup. It's a lousy night. I could use the rest." He said, "Gee, Ted, I just handed the lineups in. Go on and play tonight; I'll take you out tomorrow." I was thinking, "What the hell difference does it make if he had turned in the card? He could take me out of the lineup as easy as he put me into it." But it never fails. The first time up I hit a home run to left field, my 500th.

The season moved into September. They were trying to line up "days" for me in Detroit and other cities, but I didn't want to be bothered with that sort of thing. I was just fed up with that part of the game. So there had been nothing special as we came into Boston for the last series, with Baltimore, and then it got down to the last game there. The team still had a doubleheader in New York that weekend, but I went to Higgins and said, "Mike, look, this is the last game I'm going to play. I don't want to go to New York." He said, "All right, you don't have to go." Regardless of what I had done, this was it, I'd had it. I knew the club, which hadn't been in the pennant race since 1951, was thinking about youth. I knew there was a kid named Carl Yastrzemski coming up who was going to be a hell of a player. And in all fairness I have to say that I felt that a lot of people didn't want me around anymore.

Well, like the .400 season, and the World Series, and the party I missed when we won the pennant, that last game has become so much more important as the years go by. I wish I could remember every minute of it, but I can't. I don't remember if I arrived particularly early. I don't remember what was said in the locker room except I might have been aware of some feeling. You sense things. The players knew it was my last game. I remember a guy from one of the magazines came in, and I said, "What the hell are you doing here?" because I felt that gutless magazine had given me a bad time for years. Bud Leavitt, an old friend from the *Bangor Daily News*, was in the runway when I came out, and we chatted. The photographers were crowding around. I didn't give them too much to focus on.

They had a ceremony for me at home plate. They gave me a silver bowl and a plaque. They retired my number, and the mayor presented a $4,000 check to the Jimmy Fund for kids with cancer. I've been affiliated with the Jimmy Fund since 1947, getting a whole lot more credit than I deserved, but I have always loved kids. If a guy likes kids, he has to hope their lives are going to be good, that they will avoid the pitfalls he did not, that they will be appreciative of how lucky they are. I think one of the greatest things ever said is that a man never stands so high as when he stoops to help a kid. That is a hell of an expression.

A GRACEFUL NOTE FROM A GRATEFUL HALL OF FAMER

On July 25, 1966 Ted Williams was inducted into baseball's Hall of Fame. The occasion was supposed to be a romp for Casey Stengel, also being installed that day, but Williams, striking a note of sincere warmth that visibly moved his audience, stole the show with a speech (printed here almost in its entirety) he had written at a motel the night before.



I guess every player thinks about going into the Hall of Fame. Now that the moment has come for me I find it is difficult to say what is really in my heart. But I know it is the greatest thrill of my life. I received 280-odd votes from the writers. I know I didn't have 280-odd close friends among the writers. I know they voted for me because they felt in their minds and some in their hearts that I rated it, and I want to say to them: thank you. Thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Today I am thinking a lot of things. I know I am thinking of my playground director in San Diego, Rodney Luscomb, my high school coach, Wos Caldwell, my managers, who had such patience with me and helped me so much—fellows like Frank Shellenback, Donie Bush, Joe Cronin and Joe McCarthy. I am thinking of Eddie Collins, who had such faith in me—and to be in the Hall of Fame with him particularly, as well as all those other great ballplayers, is a great honor. I'm sorry Eddie isn't here today.

But I'd not be leveling if I left it at that, because ballplayers are not born great. They're not born hitters or pitchers or managers, and luck isn't the big factor. No one has come up with a substitute for hard work. I've never met a great player who didn't have to work harder at learning to play ball than anything else he ever did. To me it was the greatest fun I ever had, which probably explains why today I feel both humility and pride, because God let me play the game and learn to be good at it.

The other day Willie Mays hit his 522nd home run. He has gone past me, and he's pushing, and I say to him, "Go get them, Willie." . . . Baseball gives every American boy a chance to excel. Not just to be as good as someone else, but to be better. This is the nature of man and the name of the game. . . . I hope that someday the names of Satchel Paige and Josh Gibson . . . can be added as a symbol of the great Negro players who are not here only because they were not given a chance.

As time goes on I'll be thinking baseball, teaching baseball and arguing for baseball to keep it right on top of American sports, just as it is in Japan, Mexico, Venezuela and other Latin and South American countries. I know Casey Stengel feels the same way, and I'm glad to be with him on his big day. I also know I'll lose a dear friend if I don't stop talking. I'm eating into his time, and that is unforgivable. So in closing, I am grateful . . . I had a chance to play the game I loved, the *greatest* game.

I thought about what I was going to say at the ceremony, but I don't know if it came out exactly right. I knew I was going to be brief. I thanked them all, and I meant it, and I said, "Despite some of the terrible things written about me by the knights of the keyboard up there," and I looked up at the press box, "and they *were* terrible things—I'd like to forget them but I can't—my stay in Boston has been the most wonderful part of my life. If someone should ask me the one place I'd want to play if I had it to do all over again, I would say Boston, for it has the greatest owner in baseball and the greatest fans in America."

I didn't take batting practice. It was one of the lousiest days you ever saw. The wind was blowing in—a dark, dreary, drizzly day, a real outhouse day. And Baltimore was starting Steve Barber, a tough sinkerball lefthander. He never struck me out much, but he was hard to get hold of and his control was not too hot.

Sure enough Barber was wilder than a March hare that day. And this is fate, it has to be. If I had had to face Barber four times I'd probably have gotten one good ball to hit, certainly not three. But Barber walked the first three batters. They pulled him out, and Jack Fisher came in. Fisher's a pretty good pitcher, too. He's been in the big leagues ever since. But he's a little easier to see. The second time up I hit a fly to right center. Another day it might have gone, but the air was just too heavy. The next time I *really* got into one, and gee, it just died. Al Pilarcik caught it against the 380 sign. I remember saying to Vic Wertz in the dugout, "If that one didn't go out, none of them will today."

I was second man up in the eighth inning. They'd turned the lights on by now. It was eerie and damp. This surely was going to be my last time at bat in baseball. Twenty-two years coming down to one time at bat. I remember how the fans started applauding when I went to the on-deck circle, and feeling the chills up my spine, and thinking how much I wanted to put one out of there but knowing what the odds were. The first pitch was a ball. Then, from the batter's box, it seemed to me Fisher humped up as if he were going to try to fire the ball by me. I knew he was going to try to pump it right past. And gee, here comes a ball I should have hit a mile,

continued

and I *missed* the son of a gun. I don't miss, *completely* miss, very often, and I don't know yet how I missed that ball.

Fisher couldn't wait to throw the next one. He must have thought he threw the last one by me, and maybe he did, but all my professional life I had been a fastball hitter, and whenever I had an inkling one was coming it was that much better for me. This time I tried to be a little quicker, and I hit it a little better than the others that day. I had a little extra on it. It fought the wind, and it just kept on going into right center, going and then out.

There were only 10,454 people in Fenway Park that day, but they reacted like nothing I have ever heard. I mean they *really* put it on. They cheered like hell, and as I came around the cheering grew louder and louder. I thought about tipping my hat, you're damn right I did, and for a moment I was torn, but by the time I got to second base I knew I couldn't do it. Like I said, I was just fed up with that part of the act.

You can't imagine, though, the warm feeling I had, for the very reason that I had done what every ballplayer would want to do on his last time up. I had wanted to do that so badly and knowing how the fans really felt, how happy they were for me. Maybe I should have let them *know* I knew, but I couldn't. It just wouldn't have been me. I got to the dugout and went to the water cooler, then sat down, my head back against the wall and, gee, they were *still* applauding, and players were pleading with me to go back out. "C'mon, Ted, give 'em your hat." The umpire was looking over as if he expected me to come out. But I couldn't, and the inning ended. Higgins sent me back out. Since he had Carroll Hardy replace me in left field after one pitch, I guess Higgins wanted to give me another chance to acknowledge the fans' cheers. I couldn't, though. When Hardy took over I just turned around and ran back into the dugout. And the fans were all on their feet, clapping and clapping and clapping.

Celebrate? I don't remember celebrating. It was over, that's all. I probably just went back to my room at the hotel, which was always a retreat for me, the place I'd gone back to so often after something had had happened, something that was sure to get me in a wringer, something that had started me thinking God, here it goes again. That's when guys like Freddy Corcoran and Johnny Orlando would come around, to be there to console me when I was down. That's why they mean so much to me today.

I know I was relieved that that part of it was over. The Red Sox didn't have anything exciting in store for me. Mr. Yawkey used to say, "What do you want to do, Ted?" And I'd say, "Well, I sure don't want to manage, but I don't want to be in baseball at all if baseball doesn't want me," and we'd leave it at that. The day after my last homer I signed a contract with Sears, Roebuck and Co. For almost eight years I have been chairman of Sears's Ted Williams Sports Advisory Staff, giving my name to their

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I don't know how a man wants to be remembered, other than for his achievements. I just haven't thought about it. I believe I am a compassionate man. I believe I'm concerned with people. I don't think I was as concerned or as compassionate in those early days as I am now. Why the hell should I have been? Why *would* I be then? I was worried about Theodore Samuel Williams. I was worried about hitting. I was worried about my career, I was worried about money. Maybe that's wrong, but that's exactly the way I felt.

I know this. I was and am too complex a personality, too much a confusion of boyish enthusiasm and bitter experience to be completely understood by everybody, so forget that. I know what has been right in my life and I know what has been wrong. If you put it all down I feel in my heart I would have more on the right side than the wrong. I think, however, that The Kid who made the sports page jump was never the same person to himself as he was to the reader, and maybe not the same even to the people who knew him. I think it is natural that I regret that deception.

It's funny, really, and I have to laugh I was going down to Florida to fish one winter. In those days I used the name "G. C. Luther" when I traveled because it made for less attention. How do you doubt a name like G. C. Luther? I signed in at this motel in Fort Myers, and the manager looked at me and looked at the signature and said, "Gee, for a minute I thought you were Ted Williams." I said, "Yeah, a lot of people say that. I think Williams is actually a much older man." And we started talking—about fishing, about how long he'd lived there, about where to eat—and after a while I started to leave. He said, "I have to admit, I had my doubts when you signed in, Mr. Luther. I thought you really were Ted Williams. But I can see you're not. You've got a much nicer disposition." Tell it to the Boston press.

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The NCAA title went to the University of Florida team (above) in the final round when two players from the University of Houston, which had won 10 times in 12 years, dumped shots into a little, two-week-old pond

Two splashes bring an end to a long reign

Last Friday night at the NCAA golf tournament in Las Cruces, N. Mex., Buster Bishop, the twig of a golf coach from the University of Florida, gathered his five athletes in a motel room and sternly admonished them against the dangers of overcautiousness. After three rounds of play, Florida was, rather surprisingly, tied for the tournament lead. "Don't go out there tomorrow and play scared," Bishop ordered grimly. "They are scared of you. Let the others play scared. You just go out and get them. You hear?" The "theys" and "thems" were 13 other college teams and Houston —mostly Houston, which had won the title 10 times in the last 12 years and the last four in a row.

So it was that, the next afternoon, Florida's Richard Spears, who had heard the sermon, found himself on the dehydrated 18th fairway of New Mexico State University's golf course, staring down hard at this golf ball. It was resting on bare, well-baked dirt. The green, an impossible oasis, was 223 yards away. Better play it safe, a voice from within whispered. "Like hell," said Spears. "Damn, the coach said not to play it safe." With that he hauled out a four-wood, held back nothing and laughed nervously as the ball flew true to the green. Two putts later Spears had a birdie and a final-round score of 69, sending Florida's gamblers on their way to a two-shot victory over Houston to nail down their first NCAA Golf Championship.

As Spears's early afternoon score was being posted on the big board, Bishop could hardly restrain himself. Neither could the critics of Dave Williams, Houston's charmer of a coach. Sam Voinoff, the Purdue coach, laughed and said, "Good. I don't care who beats Houston just as long as somebody does." Southern Cal's Stan Wood smiled and hugged himself. Labron Harris didn't smile, but then the stern Oklahoma State coach rarely smiles. Harris said glumly, "Houston can still win it." An Eastern coach shook his head. "It sounds like the McCoys and the Hatfields rooting for each other to shoot the revenuer," said the Easterner, "and they don't much care who pulls the trigger."

Unaware of the early celebration, Houston was out on the course refusing to play dead. Last year Florida had held a four-stroke lead going into the final four holes, but when it was over Houston had won by three strokes. "What the hell," Voinoff growled, "you don't think those guys can do that again?" Up to the board sauntered Dave Williams. He was smiling. "We've still got Underwood and Olson out there," he said softly. Doug Olson is the tough little fireplug of a senior who led the Houston comeback last year. Hal Underwood, an All-America, has the nerves of a test pilot and can make a golf ball do everything but keep score. The two of them could have been enough, they could have been except for the 15th hole, on

which there is a tiny pond less than two weeks old

"The water hole?" said Herb Wimberley, New Mexico State's energetic young golf coach and club pro. "Why, we just stuck that little thing in there to make the course more interesting." As a water hole, it's not much, a bathtub, 30 feet by 60 feet, perhaps a nuisance, hardly a menace. The 15th is a par 5, stretching 525 yards, and all week the long-hitting college kids had been playing it like a pitch-and-putt. In the first three rounds, 175 birdies and seven eagles had been scored there. Underwood had three of the birds, Olson had one.

But on this day it was to be different. Olson discovered it first. His second shot landed in the water. Nettled, he skipped his fourth shot 40 feet past the pin. "I skulled it," he said later. From there he three-putted, taking a 7. A short time later Underwood arrived at the same hole, dunked his second shot and took a 6. That did it. Dave Williams' latest string of NCAA championships had ended at four straight. "Well, you win some and lose some," Williams said, managing a smile from the shade of his Panama straw hat. "The three times we lost, two of them were seconds. I guess that's not too bad."

Florida finished the 72 holes (before this year the team championship had been decided in 36) in 1,154 strokes. John Darr had set the pace with a 285. All-America Steve Melnyk ended with a 287; John Sale a 290, Richard Spears a 292, and Wendell Coffee a 303. The first four are juniors. Coffee is a sophomore who was red-shirted last year. As freshmen, that same five played together and won five tournaments and 13 dual matches. The next time they were together was in this year's Southeastern Conference tournament, which they won. "The NCAA was their second 1968 tournament together as a five-some," said Bishop. "Nobody has beaten them yet."

Houston came in with 1,156, followed by Wake Forest (1,160), Oklahoma State (1,162), Texas, the pre-tournament favorite which fell 16 strokes behind in the first round (1,162), and Arizona State (1,166). Then came New Mexico, Colorado, Michigan State, Florida State, San Jose State, Stanford, USC, New Mexico State and Michigan.

The individual title went to Grier Jones, Oklahoma State's All-America, who led all four rounds (65-68-71-72) and finished with a record-setting 276. The old record of 281 had been set in 1965 by Marty Fleckman of Houston. Underwood, who birdied the last three holes after his disaster on 15, finished second, three strokes back.

New Mexicans are a warm, friendly lot. They took one look at the youngsters coming in from the East and the Midwest and decided they had better soften the introduction to the 7,108 yards of fairway that play like green tile, and to the killing rough of sand

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and rock and cactus and mesquite. And to a sun which heated the course to 107° Friday. "It's like playing on a course in the Holy Land," said Les Bolstad, the Minnesota coach. Every night, a million gallons of water was poured on the fairways. "Anything growing out in the rough," said Greenkeeper Wayne Quick, "we just let keep growing. We figure anything is better than nothing."

To make the first round less frightening, the tees were placed forward and the pins were placed in the fat part of the greens. Sixteen players came in under 70, eight more with one-under-par 70s.

"Well, we made it easy," said Herb Wimberley. "Now we'll toughen it a little." Back went the tees, to the rear of the greens went the pins. Up went the scores. Up and up and up, and then, splash. splash. "Darn that old water anyway," said Dave Williams.

Across the way, on the first tee, they were already handing out the huge trophy that Williams has carted home so often, and Buster Bishop was saying thank you and, boy, was he hungry. For breakfast, the 126-pound Florida coach had settled for a cup of coffee; lunch was the end of a stubby yellow pencil. "I'm a highly emotional person," he said laughing. "During a tournament I eat very little, sleep even less. But I never sleep much anyway. Always up at dawn. Just automatically. Don't have an alarm clock, won't wear a wristwatch. Don't like them. They worry me."

He held out his trophy at arm's length and admired it. "Isn't it a beauty?" he said. "But I knew we were going to win it. Weren't afraid of Houston. I got on a radio program this morning and told the world we were going to win. That my boys weren't afraid of Houston. Confidence. That's what we had, confidence. All the confidence in the world."

Labron Harris came shuffling from the crowd and shook Bishop's hand. "Say, coach," said Harris, "how many of your boys are you going to lose this year?"

"None," said Bishop. "Four juniors and a sophomore."

"Oh," said Harris. "Well, I guess you won't be hurting until the year after next. Well, I'll see you."

"Yes, you will," said Buster Bishop. And so will everyone else. **END**

A familiar finish for the Blues from Italy

This year someone was supposed to beat the famous Blue Team, and the Americans hoped to have the honor. But in the grueling Olympiad at Deauville the best players from 32 countries failed to alter the traditional plot

For 13 days the World Team Olympiad at Deauville, France ground inexorably toward its familiar finale another American challenge to Italian dominance of the world bridge scene Toward the end of a long tournament and the Olympiad is the longest of all many players are walking around like zombies Deauville was no different In the qualifying rounds alone the teams endured 12 uninterrupted days of three matches each, with no rest at all for most of the top stars

Just getting to Deauville had been a complicated, exhausting affair for many Until two hours before their departure, the Americans were headed for Geneva, where the tournament had been moved because of the strikes in France When the site was switched back to Deauville at the last minute, many teams had already arrived in Geneva They beat their ways across France by hired car, with extra gas in the trunk, or flew to Brussels and tooled across Normandy in private cars, among them Jaime Ortiz Patino's Ferrari The Americans went by bus from London to Manston—the first incoming stop for crippled RAF fighters in World War II—took the air ferry to Le Touquet and rode another battered bus for eight hours, through Rouen (by way of Wrack, or so it seemed to the passengers) to get to play some cards Still, 33 of the 35 open teams arrived, and so did 19 of the 20 women's teams Poland's teams could not get their visas transferred from Switzerland to France in time, and Nationalist China's has yet to be heard from

Nearly everyone expected that the U S and Italian teams would get through the interminable round-robin qualifying matches to the semifinals Canada was a likely choice for the third spot, and the fourth was supposed to be contested by The Netherlands and Switzerland. But there was one huge surprise Australia's group quickly captured the audience's fancy with excellent play and almost broke through The Aussies defeated every top team except the U S and lost to the Americans only when a slam went wrong on the very last board The sudden illness of Australia's bright young player, Dick Cummings, may well have been a pivotal occurrence in the competition Cummings, a stockbroker from Sydney, collapsed at the conclusion of a match with the Philippines and had to be taken to the hospital in Trouville In their next two matches, his shaken teammates lost to Iceland and Kenya, and the damage proved irreparable In the end, Canada and The Netherlands did win the honor of meeting the Italians and the Americans in the semifinals, but their title hopes ended in that round

The Italians ran away to an enormous lead over the Canadians very quickly Canada's best-known players, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, had not missed a single session of the Olympiad to that point At the three-quarter mark, Italy's lead was 147 68, and only a last-round surge by the Canadians brought the final score to a more respectable 171 120 The Americans had far more trouble with The Netherlands team, finally winning 174-142

In the 80-deal finals the Italians quickly built a lead of 26 international match points in the first 20 hands Even in a world championship, lareeny is dearest to the players' hearts, and Benito Garozzo demonstrated what a confidence man he can be when he victimized Norman

continued



IN THE FINALS KAPLAN (LEFT) AND KAY TRY TO COPE WITH GAROZZO AND FORQUET

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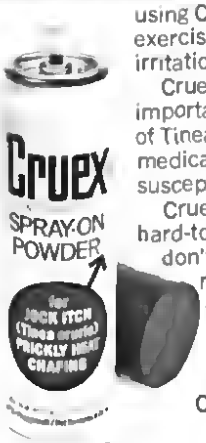
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BRIDGE *continued*

Both sides vulnerable
West dealer

NORTH
♠ K Q 8 2
♥ 3 6 2
♦ J 2
♣ K Q 8 4

WEST
♠ A 9 5 3
♥ Q 9 4
♦ K 10 6
♣ J 7 5

EAST
♠ 7 6
♥ K 10
♦ Q 9 7 4
♣ 10 9 6 3 2

SOUTH
♠ J 10 4
♥ A 8 7 5 3
♦ A 8 5 3
♣ A

WEST (Kay)	NORTH (Forquet)	EAST (Kaplan)	SOUTH (Garozzo)
PASS	PASS	PASS	1♥
PASS	1♠	PASS	2♦
PASS	3♠	PASS	3♦
PASS	3♥	PASS	4♥
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: 6 of diamonds

Kay and Edgar Kaplan in the deal shown above.

The contract at the other table was the same. It was played by Robert Jordan and went down after the diamond opening lead. Jordan won the diamond and led a spade. The Italian West, Walter Avarelli, grabbed his ace, cashed a diamond, and eventually the defense made two trump tricks.

Garozzo was far more deceptive. He ducked the first diamond, thereby setting up a quick reentry to dummy. He won the second diamond and led the 4 of spades. Kay didn't dream that his side held two trump tricks so he saw no urgency about jumping in with the spade ace. When he ducked, Garozzo won with dummy's queen, came back to his hand with the club ace, used the quick entry to dummy—a diamond ruff—he had provided by his thoughtful first play, and then discarded his two remaining spades on dummy's two high clubs. Garozzo returned to his hand with a spade ruff and led his last diamond, ruffing in dummy when Kay elected to discard a spade. Dummy's last heart was led to the ace, and Garozzo then smilingly surrendered two trump tricks and racked up his game. The swing was 12 IMPs to Italy.

Life might have been more difficult for Garozzo had Kay ruffed the fourth diamond with the queen of hearts, but Benito would no doubt have come up with the right answer. When the diamond is ruffed with the queen, declarer discards dummy's last club. West returns a spade, East ruffing with the 10 and South overruffing with the ace. Declarer, having already lost two tricks, must now guess correctly to hold his remaining

trump losers to one He leads a trump toward dummy's J-6, and when West plays low, ducks, East is forced to win the king, and his club return is ruffed. West's 9 can be overruffed by dummy's jack, and the contract comes home.

In the third quarter Italy's new nonplaying captain, Angelo Tracanella, put in Massimo d'Alelio and Camillo Pabis Ticci for the weary Pietro Forquet and Garozzo. For a while it looked as if Tracanella had inherited the mantle of genius from his predecessor Carlo Alberto Perroux His new lineup ran the lead to 39 IMPs

U.S. Captain Julius Rosenblum continued to use only his anti-Italian experts, Jordan and Arthur Robinson and Kaplan and Kay But to the amazement of everybody, for the final quarter Tracanella benched the famous Blue Team veterans Giorgio Belladonna and Avarelli and almost became the goat The American squad caught fire and brought the Italian lead down to a mere 11 with five boards to play. Then the tide turned

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH
♠ K 6
♥ A J 6 3 2
♦ 8
♣ Q J 7 5 2

WEST
♠ J 8 4
♥ 9
♦ A 10 7 6 3
♣ A 9 8 6

EAST
♠ Q 9
♥ Q 10 8 7 5
♦ J 9 5 4 2
♣ 10

SOUTH
♠ A 10 7 5 3 2
♥ K 4
♦ K Q
♣ K 4 3

SOUTH (*Robinson*)	WEST (*Pabis Ticci*)	NORTH (*Jordan*)	EAST (*D'Alelio*)
1♦	PASS	2♥	PASS
2♠	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

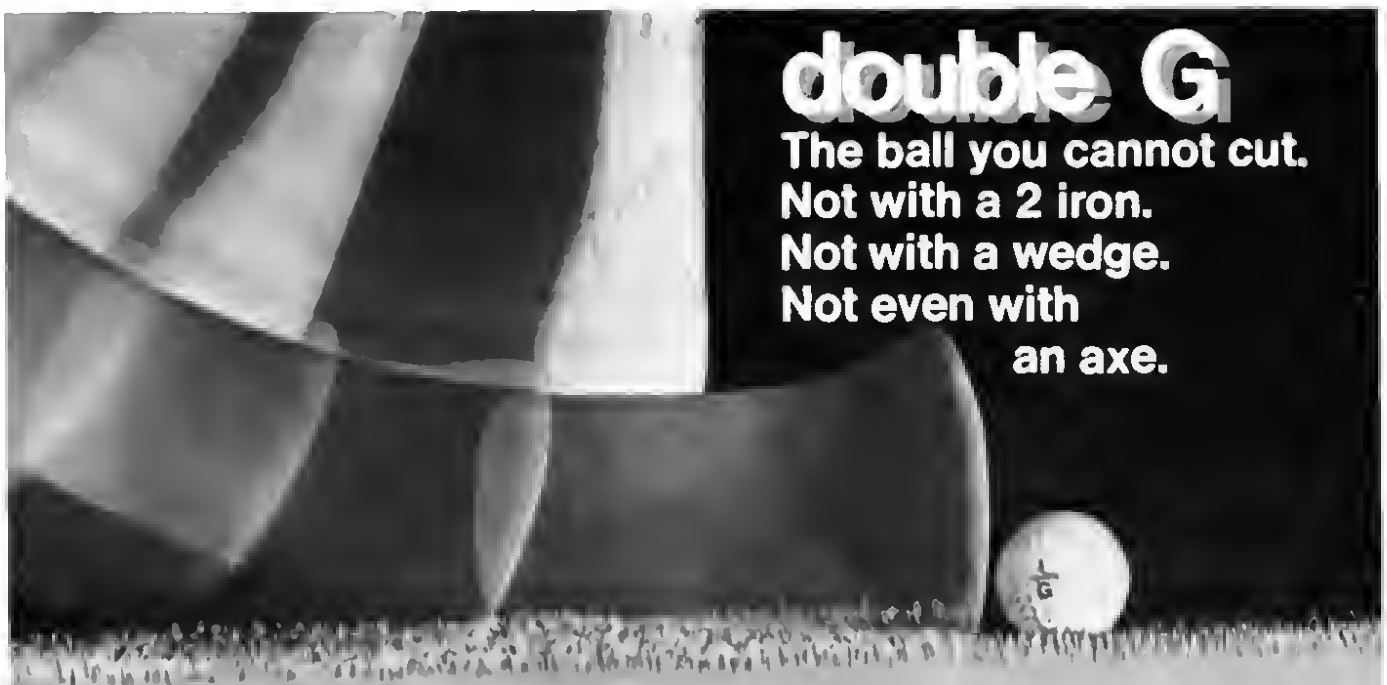
Opening lead ace of clubs

once more, as it always seems to do in the final stages of a match between the U S and Italy. On the 76th deal the Americans lost 6 IMPs, then came the fatal 77th, shown above.

In the closed room the Italians had already made four spades against the normal opening lead of the heart 9 When the hand appeared on the Bridge-O-Rama screen, the commentators predicted a standoff. As North-South had not bid clubs, it did not seem likely that the defense would hit on the killing club ruff But Pabis Ticci electrified the Bridge-O-Rama audience by leading the club ace, which set the contract two tricks.

When his partner's 10 fell, Pabis Ticci continued with a club D'Alelio ruffed and put his partner back on lead with a diamond to collect a second ruff Pabis Ticci still had a natural trump trick, setting the contract two tricks and gaining 13 points for Italy

Realizing that this hand had been a crushing blow, Jordan and Robinson gamely bid a grand slam two hands later, knowing that it depended on a finesse The king was wrong, and the Italian kings of bridge were safely on the throne —one they have occupied so long that it's hard to remember when the Blue Team was not giving all its opponents the blues. **END**



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BY GILBERT ROGIN





CONTINUED



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When you first meet friends and colleagues of Dr Robert Cade, the inventor of Gatorade, Gator-Go, Hopn-Gator, the hydraulic football helmet, the irradiated pecan and the hemispherical shoe-polish can, they invariably inform you that he is a genius, in the next breath they inquire if Dr Cade told you about the time he got arrested for riding his bicycle while intoxicated Alas, Dr Cade would just as soon not verify this episode, nor, for that matter, will he mention the occasion when he threw his violin overboard while being shipwrecked In fact, Dr Cade will not admit to being shipwrecked However, he is willing to talk about the time he got stopped for speeding on his bicycle on the campus of the University of Florida, where he is an associate professor of medicine and head of the Renal and Electrolyte Division or, as he calls it, "the wee-wee lab"

Perhaps Dr Cade feels this incident reveals the intellectual climate or helps describe the field on which he, gently, does daily battle As his wife Mary says: "He's such a rebel He's surely an individualist He's not going to do something the same way because it's always been done that way He delights in stirring things up"

The way Dr Cade tells it, he was cycling along Radio Road in Gainesville when a Rambler passed him so closely his clothing was brushed He set out in pursuit in order to curse the driver (One of Dr Cade's sternest imprecations is "foo") As he was drawing abreast of the car it was a long, downhill stretch a squad car came up behind him "Hey, you, pull over," the policeman in the car said The Rambler stopped "Hey, *you*, pull over," the policeman repeated Dr Cade stopped The policeman asked him what he thought he was doing Dr Cade explained that he was trying to catch up to the Rambler so he could curse the driver The policeman asked him how fast he thought he was going. Dr Cade said he had no idea The policeman said he was going 37 mph "I told him that was impossible as I was old, fat and atherosclerotic," says Dr Cade "'Don't get smart with me,' the policeman said I said, 'If I was going 37 the Rambler was going 37, too, so why not give him a ticket?' The policeman said, 'It's harder to stop a bicycle going 20 than a car going 40' I said, 'That's irrelevant Would you rather be hit by a bicycle going 20 or a car going 40?'" Dr Cade paid a $15 fine

Dr Cade enjoys referring to himself as fat and old– a habit which has been picked up by his family For instance, his son Michael, who is 13 and the oldest of his six children, did a study on Dr Cade for seventh grade science entitled *The Effect of Conditioning on Cardiovascular Responses to Exercise in a Fat, Old Man* It won third place in the state science fair

In truth, Dr Cade is 40 years old and, although he stands 5' 7" and weighs 184 pounds, he is so sturdily built it would be both unkind and inaccurate to call him fat Moreover, he is in fairly good shape Not long ago he stated that he could outrun a 19-year-old end on the University of Florida football team in a 440 Dr Cade wasn't being boastful, he was merely illustrating his thesis



When not striking his employees, Dr Cade can strike poses more befitting a research genius.

that football players aren't in condition "It's part of the ritual," he says. "For the first two weeks of practice the coaches work them real hard Then, as a reward they let them exercise less If Coach [Ray] Graves would appoint me physical conditioner of the football team I'd conclude each practice with a two-mile run I'd make them run four or five miles a day Why, with our excellent coaching and smart players we'd be national champions every year, and we'd cut down on injuries "

This millennium has not yet come to pass. However, by means of one of his inventions, Gatorade. Dr Cade has substantially improved not only the lot of the Florida football team but that of all sweaty mankind.

Gatorade is a beverage which quenches thirst, replaces the vital substances lost in perspiration—water, sodium, potassium—and is absorbed considerably faster than water Preliminary observations suggest that Gatorade also reduces the occurrence of heat-related diseases, such as heat prostration and heat stroke, enables an athlete to perform at a higher level for a longer period of time and, as a consequence, is likely to decrease the incidence of injuries brought about by fatigue.

Since 1965, when the Florida football team began drinking Gatorade, it has outscored its opponents in the second half by 379–221; in the first half the totals are 290–204 When Florida beat Georgia Tech 27–12 in the Orange Bowl last year. Coach Bobby Dodd told Graves, "We didn't have Gatorade That made the difference." Tech now has it, as do 16 AFL and NFL teams, including the respective champions. Dakland and Green Bay (The Los Angeles Rams drank three cases a game last year—that is, except for the conference title game at Milwaukee when the Gatorade froze solid.) In fact, Gatorade is one of two products Vince Lombardi endorses. Gatorade is also used by nine NBA and ABA teams, among them the World Champion Celtics, five NHL clubs, nine major league baseball teams, the U.S. Davis Cup team and 69 college football teams, including No 1 USC, Tennessee, Army and Yale Purdue used Gatorade when it upset Notre Dame last year Notre Dame ordered 10 cases the following Monday.

Among the greatest admirers of Gatorade are the Los Angeles Lakers, who drink over a quart a man per game This is not excessive. Says Dr Cade. "It can be consumed *ad libitum* in large amounts (up to six quarts during a football or basketball game) without causing any sensation of fullness and without electrolyte abnormalities " Electrolytes, in general, are salt solutions. such as one of potassium chloride

"I'd like to think Gatorade gives me more stamina and endurance," says Elgin Baylor. "I can't prove it, but as long as I feel it does me some good I'll continue to drink it."

"I drink it like mad during a game," says Jerry West. "Since I've used it I never get that real tired, totally exhausted feeling you get in a pressure game If I had that much water in me I couldn't walk. let alone run."

Gatorade had a somewhat different benefit for Jerry Mays, the Kansas City Chiefs' All-League defensive end Before he began drinking it, Mays had a history of heavy weight loss and muscle spasms during hot-weather games. In one exhibition game against the Rams he had cramps in his side as well as in his arms and legs. Mays had to go to the sidelines for saline-solution injections to alleviate the cramps and needed further injections after the game, during which he lost over 20 pounds. (Incidentally, Mays was in the habit of consuming as many as 25 salt tablets a game. which could well have induced his cramps.) After the Chiefs started using Gatorade. Mays's cramps disappeared and he now drops only about seven pounds a game "On hot days we instruct our players to drink Gatorade instead of water," Coach Hank Stram says "It has made an amazing difference in the physical capabilities of our squad."

Since the University of Florida has been on Gatorade. there have been no instances of heat prostration or what coaches call "fallout," and Graves has not had to cancel any practices because of excessive heat and humidity.

Gatorade, which was originally called Cade's Cola or Cade's Ade (or Aide) is not alligator juice, as a lady from Kansas assumed. she wanted to know how the fluid was drained from the alligator. Gatorade is derived from Gators, the nickname of the University of Florida teams.

The research that resulted in its formulation was stimulated in 1965, when Dewayne Douglas, an assistant freshman football coach, addressed Dr Cade in these now historic words. "Why don't football players wee-wee during a game?" (The language has obviously been bowdlerized by Dr Cade.) "We carefully selected 10 volunteers from the freshman football team for our study," says Dr. Cade "They were all fine young men, but they drew the line at having their rectal temperatures taken on the field, so we had to delete that." The results of the permissible observations will be published in a forthcoming issue of the *Journal of Applied Physiology* in a paper entitled *Changes in Body Fluid Composition and Volume During Vigorous Exercise by Athletes* by Cade, H. J. Free, A. M. de Quesada, D. L. Shires and L. Roby. It is summarized below.

Body heat must be lost in the same amount as it is produced for body temperature to remain constant or normal. If not, one becomes ill and, in extreme cases, dies By and large, the body dissipates heat through conduction, convection, radiation and evaporation—or sweating When the air temperature is below 82° sweating is of minor importance as a means of dissipating heat However, as it rises sweating becomes increasingly important, and when the air temperature is above 95° sweating is virtually the only means of heat loss

The football player's uniform vitiates the loss of heat by radiation, conduction and convection and impedes evaporation The harder it is for the player to maintain a constant body temperature, or to keep cool, the more he is going to sweat But when the sweat glands have to work overtime they develop what is known as "sweat-gland fatigue" and stop functioning Then body temperature

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shoots up and heat stroke occurs. Five to 10 football players die from heat-related diseases annually, and in 1965, when it was particularly hot and humid, there were twice as many such fatalities.

It has been accepted practice to give football players salt tablets to compensate for the loss of sodium, but to restrict water intake for fear of nausea, vomiting and abdominal cramps and also to prevent the players from becoming waterlogged and sluggish. But despite massive sodium losses, the players lose far more water (an average of 2.5 quarts, or 7½ pounds, per two-hour practice), and there is a marked decrease in extracellular fluid and plasma volumes, so that the concentration of sodium rises. Taking salt tablets without great quantities of water actually aggravates the physiological imbalance and could contribute to heat stroke. In fact, to maintain the proper balance two cups of water would have to be drunk with each salt tablet.

The problem is that water is absorbed at a fairly slow rate. However, if sodium and potassium salts are added the absorption rate is enhanced. The addition of glucose further speeds up absorption.

Fortuitously, the substances that hasten absorption—sodium, potassium and glucose—are the same ones which an athlete loses either by sweating or through metabolic processes and needs to replenish. Therefore, an ideal replacement fluid is one made up of these *plus* water—namely, Gatorade, whose active ingredients are glucose, sodium bicarbonate, sodium orthophosphate, potassium orthophosphate and potassium chloride.

P.S. Football players don't wee-wee, because they are volume depleted and the kidney is conserving water and salt in a battle to maintain blood volume.

Gatorade is constituted to be drunk over ice, the prohibition against drinking something cold when overheated is, as Dr. Cade says, "Nonsense. It stands to reason that if you want to cool off you don't drink something warm."

However, Gatorade won't work unless the athletes are willing to drink it, and unflavored Gatorade tastes like salt water. Indeed, when it was first served in a game (Florida vs. LSU in 1965), Guard Larry Gagner said, memorably, "This water tastes like ————," and poured it over his head.

Gatorade can be made with any flavor and degree of sweetening. Originally, Dr. Cade *et al* used Sweeta and fresh lemons, which they squeezed by hand until they developed what Dr. Cade calls "lemon-squeezers' cramp." Worse yet were their attempts to dissolve glucose. "We poured water on it and it turned into rock," he recalls. To alleviate lemon-squeezers' cramp they switched to Real-Lemon, but that made the stuff taste like turpentine. Lemons have a high concentration of terpenes (a major component of turpentine), which became oxidized. Dr. Cade learned that a professor at the University of Bologna had a terpene-free lemon extract, which he was selling for $25 a gallon, and Dr. Cade had visions of cornering the world's market. In due course, he discovered that the professor was buying his extract for $10 a gallon from Frostproof, Fla., which is 120 miles south of Gainesville.

Last fall Dr. Cade sold Gatorade on a royalty basis to Stokely-Van Camp, Inc. of Indianapolis, which cans Van Camp's Pork and Beans, the largest selling bean in the world. After dreaming up 40 names, including Thirst-Aide, Super-Star and Quench, Stokely decided to retain Gatorade. "It's a very unique name," explains E. J. (Jack) Mooney, Stokely's new-products manager. However, Stokely changed the flavor and appearance. Says Mooney, "When the product came to us it had a relatively flat taste, for the art of flavor had not come to the docs." Gatorade now has a distinct lemon-lime taste and is considerably sweeter than Dr. Cade's home brew. It is also greenish yellow and opaque, whereas the original Gatorade was clear and colorless.

"That's what you call 'cloud,' in there," Mooney said the other day, holding a glassful of Gatorade up to the light. "It's an ingredient added to a product to give it a depth of color. A product has to have a reasonably attractive color, and a cloudy product is more popular than a clear one—it connotes substance to a drink. We tried grape, orange and cranberry flavors, but from an emotional point of view we look to lemon-lime as a clean, fresh flavor. This is a pretty serious thing. We don't play with flavors.

"This isn't a quick cure. It won't help you avoid cavities or run the 100 in 4.9, and there hasn't been a pro athlete who hasn't asked whether Gatorade will help his sex life. [It doesn't.] We address ourselves solely to the problem of thirst. We hang with the word thirst. We call it The Superb Thirst Quencher."

Says Dr. Cade, "Thirst is a funny thing. I don't really know what it means. If I quickly drain a quart of blood out of you, you'll be thirsty. Gatorade is a thirst quencher only in a specific sense. Generally speaking, water is far and away the best thirst quencher."

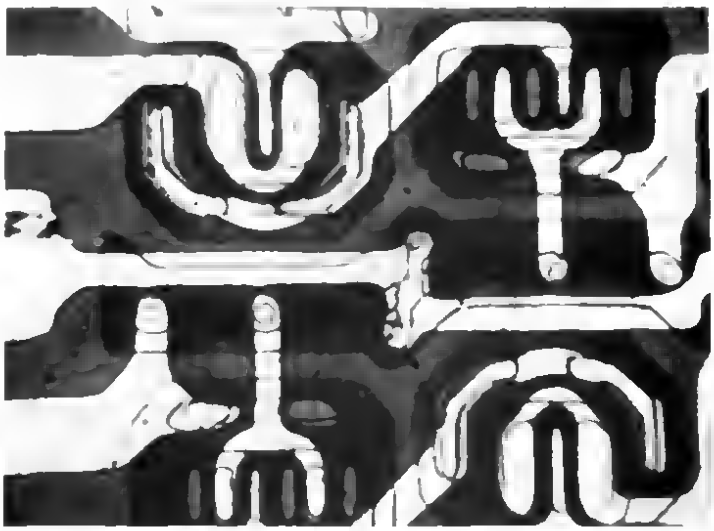
When Dr. Cade first tasted Stokely's Gatorade he said, "Foo." His reaction was echoed by the Florida football players. "They're all saying fooey," says Dr. Cade. Indeed, team consumption is down 30% since the changeover. The main complaints are that it is too sweet and has a pronounced aftertaste. "If you're thirsty you don't drink peach juice," says Dr. Cade. "This is physiologically ridiculous." In fairness to Stokely's product, it is sweet only in comparison to the original formula. It is not, for instance, as sweet as most soft drinks.

This month Stokely began test-marketing Gatorade in Jacksonville, Fla. supermarkets at 39¢ a quart. Heretofore it had been sold exclusively to teams. "We can live with the team business," says Mooney, "but Gatorade's so good we want it in every home. We want to see what your wife says, your mother, as opposed to the 280-pound tackle." Stokely is also negotiating with Royal Crown, which is interested in putting out a carbonated version.

Outside of the Jacksonville area, about the only way to buy Gatorade is by writing or calling Stokely in Indianapolis, and the smallest order is a 12-bottle case. In Gainesville, physicians are prescribing Gatorade for infant diarrhea; it has also

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proved useful for severe burns where there is a fluid loss, and for colds and upset stomachs. Of course, it would be of great value to soldiers in tropical climates, such as Vietnam, as well as to those who work in engine or furnace rooms.

This by no means exhausts its applications. Wilton R. Miller, the chief counsel for the Florida Department of Agriculture and Dr. Cade's attorney, is toying with the idea of giving Gatorade to harness horses that have to race in a number of heats in a single day. (Dr. Cade believes that one reason racehorses stop may be on account of potassium and sodium deficiencies.) The University of Florida Choir drank Gatorade on an eight-day, 19-performance tour in 11 cities and sang its praises. Aram Khatchaturian was introduced to Gatorade when he was a guest conductor in Indianapolis last February and is now a confirmed user.

Gatorade is also good mixed with vodka or gin, particularly vodka, and, Dr. Cade claims, because it is rapidly absorbed you get intoxicated faster, and since you don't have to drink as much alcohol to reach that state you get sober faster, too. Moreover, he believes that Gatorade may help relieve hangovers, because, by and large, alcohol dehydrates and Gatorade replenishes. "Every heavy drinker in Indianapolis has a glass or two before going to bed and upon arising," says Claude Spilman, a prominent Indianapolis attorney. "Alcohol causes blood-volume depletion, salt depletion, mineral depletion and potassium depletion," says Dr. Cade. "I don't know what a hangover is or why you get one. I haven't conducted enough experiments, and I don't get drunk enough to have hangovers. But for some reason Gatorade seems to work."

The above attributes led to the invention of Hop-n-Gator, which is a mixture of beer and a fluid similar to Gatorade. At present Dr. Cade is making Hop-n-Gator in three strengths—3.2%, alcohol, the same as green beer, 1.5% and 99%. The 1.5 tastes something like a mixture of beer and lemonade, but is far more appetizing.

According to Dr. Cade, since Hop-n-Gator is rapidly absorbed you get about the same concentration of blood alcohol as you would drinking beer, but in half the time, *i.e.*, you get high twice as fast. Again, he says, because the burn-off rate is constant you also get sober sooner. Furthermore, those who have tried Hop-n-Gator report that there is no hangover (the beverage was originally called No-Hang), no fatigue, no upset stomach and none of the full feeling that comes from having a quart of beer in your gut.

Moreover, 99 and 1.5 Hop-n-Gator would be much cheaper than beer, as about 20% of the price of beer is alcohol tax. The 99 Hop-n-Gator would actually be considered a nonalcoholic beverage in many states since it is less than 1% alcohol. As such, it wouldn't be subject to state regulation and could be sold anywhere—even in vending machines. Finally, Hop-n-Gator has half as many calories as beer, incidentally, a glass of Gatorade has 50 calories, compared to 107 for Coca-Cola.

Dr. Cade is a great believer in the virtues of ethanol, which is the variety of alcohol we drink. "Of all the tranquilizers ever invented, ethanol's the best," he said the other day. "It's far superior to phenobarbital, and used properly it is probably safer than aspirin. People who have trouble sleeping should take a glass of wine or beer on retiring. All the other preparations pose a real danger. Beer is one of the main reasons man became civilized. He couldn't make beer without barley and hops, so he became a farmer."

Dr. Cade laughed. "It almost sounds reasonable," he added.

Dr. Cade is also tinkering with premixed bottled drinks, in particular whiskey sours and mint juleps. He has planted a half-acre of peppermint, spearmint and orange mint behind his house, which he uses in concocting better juleps. Dr. Cade is convinced he makes a great julep and sour. Not only are they better, they're cheaper, for by using an electrolyte solution he needs only half as much whiskey. For his julep, Dr. Cade prepares a simple syrup of sucrose and water in which he soaks a lightly crushed mint leaf, and he wipes the chilled glass with another leaf.

Dr. Cade has no intention of tinkering with such drinks as Scotch. "I'm not interested in doing something someone can do better," he says. "But every once in a while something becomes apparent that you ought to do something about. It's easy to do things that have been done before. It's hard to give yourself a jolt. I don't mind being the only person in the world thinking what I think. When I'm the only one I'm right about half the time. I'm probably regarded as a nut, but I don't really care what other people think if I think I'm right. And I don't accept anything when people say this is the way it is. When I read a scientific paper I look at the data, not the conclusion."

Concern that his mint patch might be ruined by a sudden frost started Dr. Cade thinking about yet another problem, how to protect crops from frost. His solution is to spray them with an organic foam that would have great insulating properties as well as acting as a fertilizer. Dr. Cade's test batch was made out of human blood, animal fat and soybeans.

In another experiment he is X-raying pecans that Florida Trainer Brady Greathouse brings him. Dr. Cade hopes he can prolong their shelf life by knocking out the enzyme or bacteria that cause decay. He is also interested in reviving the canned mullet industry, for he feels mullet is a far more delectable fish than either tuna or salmon, and he has designed a hemispherical shoe-polish can. Dr. Cade doesn't see any reason why it should be so difficult to get the last bits of polish out of the can. So far, he hasn't patented his can. "If someone else invents it," he says, "I won't have to."

In addition, Dr. Cade has dreamed up two other products for athletes—Gator-Go and the hydraulic football helmet. Gator-Go is a high-protein, very high-carbohydrate food supplement similar to Nutrament and Carnation Instant Breakfast, but it does not have any af-

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tertaste. It is composed of dry skim milk, whole milk, sucrose and glucose. "I put vitamins in as a sop," Dr. Cade says. "Vitamins are the greatest hoax ever perpetrated on the American public. Iron's in there, too. Adult men don't need iron, but women and young children do." Gator-Go comes in six flavors—chocolate, vanilla and rum maple, plus all three in malt, and there are 600 calories per glass.

The Florida football team and several high school teams in the Gainesville area have been drinking Go both as a supplement and as a pregame meal, one high school team even drinks it at half time. "I never had anyone get sick on it," says Greathouse. Says Dr. Cade, "It's been widely stated that you shouldn't drink milk before a game because it curdles on the stomach and you'll vomit. Of course, milk curdles. That's what it's supposed to do. But you don't throw up."

Gator-Go is high in carbohydrates, because they provide energy more quickly than proteins. Therefore, the traditional pregame steak is not as beneficial as a stack of hot cakes or a bowl of spaghetti. Indeed, last year a dozen Florida football players regularly ate hot cakes before a game.

The statistic that prompted Dr. Cade to invent the hydraulic helmet is that of the 23 major injuries suffered by the Florida football team last season, 10 involved the head or neck.

"The main fault with the suspension-type helmet now in use," he says, "is that energy is transmitted through it rather than being absorbed by it. Another fault is that the hard back edge of the helmet causes a lot of neck injuries. The helmet is stone hard. It serves as a form of projectile. It is not adequately designed to protect the wearer, and because it is so rigid it is dangerous to the opposing player."

The design of the hydraulic helmet was inspired by the human skull. The skull is composed of three shells, the outermost of hard bone, the middle of a spongy layer of bone, and the inner again of hard bone; beneath these is a hydraulic layer. When you fracture the outer shell, the fracture itself dissipates energy, which is not transmitted to the brain.

For his helmet, Dr. Cade uses an outer covering of 3/16" polyethylene, which gives way but pops back into shape, dissipating energy. Inside the shell is a series of bags made out of 16/1,000" polyethylene, each of which is connected to its neighbors by little tubes. The bags are partly filled with olive oil. When the helmet is struck the oil squishes out through the tubes into the adjoining bags. It is a controlled collapse, regulated by the speed at which oil flows. Moreover, the bags themselves stretch, dispersing energy. Beneath the bags, and in contact with the head, is a layer of a closed-cell, spongelike material, which has a 50% collapse. In the future Dr. Cade intends to replace the olive oil with a compressible liquid plastic that further absorbs energy.

Three Florida players used the helmet—which weighs only an ounce or two more than the traditional model—in this year's spring game and enthusiastically endorsed it. Brady Greathouse envisions hydraulic pads, too. The only difficulty with these is that coaches may not be able to hear "that popping out there," which gives them so much satisfaction.

To test the helmet Dr. Cade allowed himself to be hit over the head with a heavy club used to kill laboratory rabbits. (Yet another of Dr. Cade's projects is a cookbook, *Rabbit Recipes for Bunsen Burners*. One proven recipe is fried rabbit marinated in Gatorade.) The club was wielded by the engineer who helped build the first helmet and who Dr. Cade insists is named Pete Rabbit. "Scout's honor," he says. Kathleen Card, Dr. Cade's secretary, was hit over the head by Dr. Cade. She says, "The greatest thing about the helmet is it doesn't mess your hair."

Dr. Cade was also hit over the head while wearing a suspension helmet. "I was really knocked silly," he says. "I saw stars, bright lights." Dr. Cade is obviously a firm believer in the empirical method. During the Gatorade tests he jogged seven miles with a catheter in his arm, so he could take periodic blood samples, and when he was working on Hop-n-Gator he performed the crucial chug-a-lug test on himself. After downing a quart Dr. Cade announced, "My nose is numb."

James Robert Cade (the James has been dropped) was born in San Antonio, Texas, where his father is a lawyer and his mother a schoolteacher. "I come," he says, "from a long line of revolutionaries, musicians, lawyers and schoolteachers." His most famous ancestor is Jack Cade, who in 1450 defeated the army of King Henry VI in what is known as Cade's Rebellion. Dr. Cade's mother is a Schuetze, and one of her ancestors is Heinrich Schutz, the pre-Bach court composer now enjoying a revival.

Dr. Cade did not graduate from San Antonio's Brackenridge High, having failed to write a paper for a senior history course. "I sent Miss Stratton the first medical paper I published and she changed my grade," he said recently.

Dr. Cade had a D– average in high school. "It took very careful titration to get it," he says. "I don't think grades reflect anything worthwhile. Teachers make up a bunch of stuff for tests that isn't pertinent. Anyway, I was interested in violin and track." Dr. Cade ran the 880 in 2:01 at Brackenridge—creditable time for his era. He still plays the violin, as well as the viola, and is a member of the University of Florida Symphony Orchestra.

Dr. Cade is also renowned for his poetry recitations, notably of Tennyson and Wordsworth, who frequently move him to tears. "I used to be able to recite for hours," he says. "*The Revenge*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, almost the whole of *The Rubáiyát*. When I was in high school, one of the things I did was memorize poetry—100 lines a night."

Dr. Cade is celebrated, too, for his repertoire of songs. These are mostly Flanders and Swann numbers, such as *A Gnu* and *Madeira, M'Dear* and selections from operas and operettas.

"He used to woo me by singing outside my window," says Mary Cade.

"*Titwillow*," says Dr Cade

"And other things I didn't understand," says Mary

"*M'appari* from *Martha*," says Dr Cade

After serving in the Navy, Dr Cade went to the University of Texas, intending to major in history. However, when his roommate bet him he couldn't get into medical school Dr Cade took him up and won. The roommate was a herpetologist, and Dr Cade and he lived largely on rattlesnake meat, pinto beans and cheese.

"My roommate had a Mexican water moccasin that was a beautiful thing," Dr Cade recalls. "He had a boa constrictor that slept behind the door, 60 copperheads, 20 or 30 coral snakes and a number of rattlers and nonpoisonous snakes My roommate became a chemist and is now collecting cacti"

Dr Cade went to Southwestern Medical School in Dallas, interned at St Louis City Hospital, did his residency at Parkland Memorial in Dallas and was a fellow in renal physiology under the famed Dr Robert Pitts at Cornell In 1961 he came to Gainesville, where he started the kidney transplant program.

Dr Cade met his wife, the former Mary Strasburger, over a fractured liver when she was a nurse at Texas Children's Hospital in Dallas While he was a medical student Dr Cade did special-duty nursing there at night. One of his professors, a Dr Smith, once asked how he was able to stay up all night nursing. "Dr Smith," said Dr Cade, "I sleep through your classes"

Dr Cade interned in St Louis solely because he was (and is) a Cardinal fan "Johnny Beazley's brother lived three doors up our street," he says "When Michael was 3 weeks old we took him to his first game He slept until the seventh inning, when Musial hit a line drive to right, on which a fantastic catch was made Then he started to cry."

In addition to Michael, the Cade children are Martha, 12, Celia, 10, Stephen, 8, Emily, 6, and Phoebe, 4 "Actually I tried to name every one of my children Phoebe," Dr Cade says "When I was taking Mary to the hospital to have our second baby, it was snowing in Dallas, which is quite rare We had to stop at a railroad crossing because a freight was going by The train came to a halt, and on the car directly in front of us was written The Route of PHOEBE SNOW I told Mary that it was an omen, and we had to name this one Phoebe Mary said, 'Over my dead body'

"After the sixth baby was born, I said, 'Let's put some names in a hat, and you pull one out, and we'll name her whatever it is' She pulled out Phoebe Mary said, 'Two out of three' She pulled out Phoebe again Mary said, 'Four out of seven' The baby was 4 months old and she still didn't have a name We took her to be baptized [the Cades are Lutheran] and the preacher asked what her name was Mary kicked me and whispered, 'If you want to name her that, *you* tell him' My wife doesn't know this, but of the nine slips I put in the hat seven had Phoebe written on them"

The Cades live outside Gainesville in a ranch-type house within a fragrant

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Dr Cade leans proudly on Old Spot, a '51 Studebaker that has gone 212,000 miles and that he regards as part of his family



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grove of slash pines. There Dr Cade grows his roses. These are mostly white, as a gesture to Jack Cade, a partisan of the House of York whose symbol was the white rose Among Dr Cade's other plantings is an Aloe vera plant "It's also called the burn plant," Dr Cade explains, "since *it is used for sunburn* It really works I'm going to grow a bunch and see what's in it"

The Cades have a horse—rather Michael has He tends the mint patch to pay for its feed They also have two rabbits, six cats and a collie named Alpha Omega "I named her Alpha, for she was our first collie," says Dr Cade "Mary named her Omega because she is our last" The Cades have two noteworthy cars—a '51 Studebaker called Old Spot for obvious reasons and a '64 Studebaker station wagon called Bullet, because, Dr Cade says, "It needed a name" Dr Cade is greatly attached to Old Spot When he bought her for $10 she had gone 96,000 miles; now she has 212,000—at an additional cost of $336 "Old Spot's sort of a conversation piece," he says On stormy nights Dr Cade enjoys piling the family into Bullet and driving down spooky lanes bordered by live oaks dripping with Spanish moss, where he usually gets stuck in the mud or the muffler falls off

One of Dr Cade's more recent interests is public-school education, and this fall he is running for the Gainesville school board During the recent Florida teachers strike Dr Cade took two weeks vacation to teach fifth grade in the Myra Terwilliger School, drawing the censure of a number of his colleagues "I was in complete agreement with what the teachers wanted," he says, "but not with the way they went about it A bunch of my friends said that if this were 1776 I'd be fighting for the British I'm a conservative in the sense that it means keeping that which is good I don't think all change is progress If a liberal is someone who is tolerant, then I'm a liberal, but I don't think there's any sense in tearing down just to build"

Last month the medical school seniors voted Dr Cade one of their outstanding teachers, an honor he also won in 1965. "Dr Cade's less pompous and more low pressure than the other professors," says one of his interns "In fact, he's lovably eccentric But his overall medical knowledge is as good as anyone's He has a lot of different and unusual ideas, and his approaches are outstandingly different"

"He's very understanding, kind and appreciative," says Kathleen Card "He can communicate with anyone on any level—from one year old up I don't think there are many doctors who have an interest in patients beyond the door Our patients are like our family, and Dr Cade's moods depend on how they are doing He feels things very deeply When he's sad, he's really sad When he's happy, he's really happy Lots of times he bursts into the lab skipping and singing"

Indeed, Dr Cade literally skips down the corridors of the J Hillis Miller Health Center when he makes rounds with his students "I do things a lot because they're fun," he says "I teach because I enjoy it Playing the violin is fun Learning is fun Most of my students on my service think renal medicine is a lot of fun"

Of course, Dr Cade's main concern is renal medicine—kidney transplants and dialysis, which is the function of artificial kidneys His laboratory is in the basement of the health center adjacent to the boiler room and is not notably neat "Bob says that if you keep your stuff overorderly, you can't keep *your* mind free," says Mary Cade "His mother says that's just an excuse"

The most prominent decoration in the lab is a large cartoon Dr Cade drew, which depicts a religious fanatic lying in the gutter with Xs for eyes and a lump on his forehead A stone is in the gutter alongside him, as well as the sign he was carrying, which reads LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE

Dr Cade's staff includes two physicians, Drs Alex de Quesada and Michael Pickering, who has raced in the Daytona 500 and the Sebring 12-hour endurance race; five technicians, and two nurses and a nurse's aide for the dialysis unit, which is equipped with three machines "We can dialyze only four people at any one time," says Dr Cade "The nurses aren't allowed to work overtime and I don't have the money to hire any more Sometimes I go and dialyze patients at night rather than let them die"

Between 28,000 and 40,000 people die from kidney diseases each year, 7,000 of whom would be good candidates for dialysis or transplants However, because of lack of funds only 450 of these can be dialyzed and 450 transplanted annually Dr Cade turns down seven applicants a week, and his most awesome responsibility is deciding whom he should accept

"I say to myself, 'What are their responsibilities? What are they going to contribute?'" he said the other day "I saw a man this morning, a Negro, a schoolteacher He's a good transplant candidate He's been fighting odds all of his life I'll help him fight some

"Gatorade started out to be fun, a joke It's no longer a joke There's a lot of money involved One of the problems in renal medicine is the cost to the patient It's very distressing There are patients who are sick and waiting for a transplant and once a month they get letters from the hospital asking, 'Why don't you pay your bill?' If I had income from Gatorade, I'd pay their bills The medical profession talks a lot about the Hippocratic Oath To me, the Prayer of Maimonides is a whole lot more meaningful 'Once more I begin my daily rounds Be thou with me, O Father of mercy'

"If Gatorade makes a little money, I'd like to hire two more nurses so we could dialyze eight more patients If it makes a lot of money I'd hire another guy in renal medicine, and if it made a *whole lot* of money maybe we could build a new wing Of course, I wouldn't spend all of it on medicine My wife wants a couch and I'd like to have another violin and I'd love to get a Porsche 911 for Mike Pickering to race He's wanted to try Gatorade during a race, but he's always conked out before he had a chance" END

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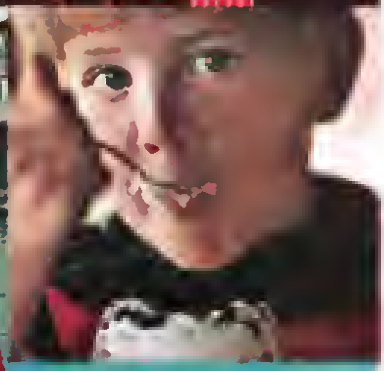
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"I'd rather have a little Old Taylor than a lot of anything else."

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by DICK RUSSELL

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Suddenly there was an old, familiar look to the pennant race. The same heroes, Orlando Cepeda (.346 average and three homers for the week) and Bob Gibson (four straight shutouts) and the same team, ST. LOUIS (6-1), seemed intent on making a second consecutive travesty of the league chase. Losers in only four of their last 25 games, the Cardinals rode three shutouts to a 6½-game lead, 3½ ahead of last year's pace. Bob Skinner, PHILADELPHIA's (4-3) new manager, received quick results from his plea for an "offense-minded" club. Led by Richie Allen (*below*), the Phils averaged nearly 10 hits a game and closed on second-place SAN FRANCISCO (4-3). Willie McCovey's four homers and eight RBIs, Jim Hart's .417 week and Bob Bolin's four-hitter kept the Giants within range. It was a memorable week for NEW YORK (4-3). Never had the Mets ranked so high so late in their seven previous seasons. Rookie Jerry Koosman, who won his 11th, and 35-year-old Ed Charles (.500 for the week) led the Mets into sixth place, one game from .500. Going like '60 for a while, PITTSBURGH (4-4) stretched its victory streak to nine before losing four straight. Maury Wills (.444 for the week) hit safely in his 22nd straight game, and Matty Alou (.393), promoted to cleanup, maintained the league batting lead. ATLANTA (4-4) remained plagued by two old nemeses: the Cardinals (three losses left the Braves with a 2-10 mark against them) and a failure to drive home runners (seven stranded per contest). Henry Aaron, who clouted two homers to take eighth place on the all-time list, was, as usual, the team's exception. Denny Lemaster won two games for new Manager Harry Walker as 10th-place HOUSTON (4-4) began emerging from its lethargy. CINCINNATI (4-4), 29 of whose 35 losses have been to right handers, tried stacking its lineup with lefties, and one, Mack Jones, bounced a ninth-inning fly off a fielder's glove and into the stands for a game-winning home run. CHICAGO (1-6), rarely managing a long fly and held scoreless for 48 straight innings to equal a 62-year-old major league mark, had Manager Leo Durocher superstitiously changing his seat on the team bus daily. LOS ANGELES (2-4), which now supports three of the league's 10 worst batsmen, found solace only in Jim Fairey's game-winning homer, his first in the majors—and the fine hurling of rookie Mike Kekich.

Standings: StL 44 26, SF 38 33, Atl 36-33, Phil 32 31, LA 36 36, NY 33 34, Cin 33 35, Pitt 31 35, Chi 31 37, Hou 27 41

AMERICAN LEAGUE

When MINNESOTA (4-2) Second Baseman Rod Carew left for two weeks with the Marine Corps Reserve his .294 average seemed to guarantee security upon return. That was before sub Frank Quilici, a .196 lifetime hitter, began clouting at a .524 pace and started seven double plays in six games. Quilici and Ted Uhlaender (.536 for the week) led the Twins to six straight victories and a .324 team batting average. Home runs by Tony Horton and Max Alvis, plus two brilliant three-hitters by Luis Tiant, boosted CLEVELAND (5-3) which took the first three of a five-game set with the league-leading Tigers. Jim Fregosi, with only two homers for the year, suddenly hit three to rally CALIFORNIA (5-1) in four games. Rookie Tom Murphy, who used to trade an entire team for one Mickey Mantle card, struck out his boyhood idol and hurled a four-hitter to help the Angels win eight of their last 10 games.

Teams weren't pitching to BOSTON'S (4-3) Carl Yastrzemski (13 walks for the week), so Ken Harrelson kept pace with 10 RBIs and Reggie Smith hit in 15 straight games. Jim Lonborg was sent home to Boston after tossing only five pitches against the White Sox. Possibly he was suffering from tendonitis in his right shoulder. OAKLAND (4-2) moved into the first division behind Rick Monday (.350 for the week) and complete game victories from Jim Hunter, Lew Krausse and Jim Nash. Denny McLain's 12th victory, a three-hitter, was DETROIT's (3-4) only bright spot. When the Tigers led by 8½ at midweek Manager Mayo Smith said, "We've got to try to avoid a losing streak. That's the whole thing." Part of the thing was hits. Detroit averaged five hits, two runs per game, and lost three straight. Military decisions proved discouraging for CHICAGO (4-5) heartening for BALTIMORE (2-4). Tommy John and Tommy McCraw, the White Sox's best pitcher and hottest hitter respectively, were called for two-week stints. Paul Blair's orders were canceled because the Oriole outfielder has four dependents. Frank Robinson, meanwhile, showed signs of breaking a season-long slump (.450 for the week). "I'm seeing the ball better now and not jumping at it," said Robinson, who previously had produced just two homers and a .254 average. NEW YORK (2-4) got a surprise lift from eight-year minor leaguer Bobby Cox, who drove in four runs in one game to insure Mel Stottlemyre's ninth victory. WASHINGTON (1-5) halted an eight-game losing streak but could not find answers for slumping Frank Howard (.150 for the week) and Mike Epstein (5 for 21).

Standings: Det 44 26, Clev 36 33, Balt 34 32, Minn 35 33, Oak 34 33, Bos 33 33, Cal 33 34, NY 31 36, Chi 30 37, Wash 25 40

HIGHLIGHT

Making trouble is Richie Allen's forte. On the field the Philbe slugger has been brewing a storm for opponents ever since he was the league's top rookie in 1964. He is a 26-year-old outfielder-third baseman now, and he has a career average of .310 with 28 home runs and 91 RBIs a season. Such consistency provoked even disgruntled Gene Mauch to say, "I'll vouch this for Allen: from the first pitch till the end of the game nobody plays harder than he does." Mauch, ironically, was fired as the Phils' manager because of his inability to curb Allen's penchant for trouble off the field. It seems that Allen keeps playing hard after the game, too. He has repeatedly missed curfews and, as a result, paid heavy fines out of his $70,000-plus salary. Along the way, he has left most of his teammates dismayed by his behavior and twice has injured himself, once seriously while pushing a jalopy up a hill, recently while riding a horse. New Manager Bob Skinner took up where Mauch left off in speaking of Allen—"He's a tremendous player," Skinner said. "Many managers would love to have him and I'm one of them. I anticipate no trouble at all"—but his bromides seem to have had a positive effect. Allen, suddenly tightly disciplined off the field, has already impressed other Phils with his new concern for the team. At the plate the right-handed slugger clouted two homers and reached base nine consecutive times during a doubleheader last week to start off a streak in which he averaged .478 with six home runs. With that, even Philadelphia's most vociferous boosters started cheering. They gave Allen two standing ovations and, in a startling gesture for an old troublemaker, he responded with a gracious tip of his cap.



PHILS' ALLEN: RISING ABOVE TROUBLE

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING The same boat (*Mona Lisa III*), a 32-foot Maritime inboard) and the same pilot (ODELL LEWIS of St. Cloud, Fla.) won the Rahamai 500-mean powerboat race for the second year in a row. Odell came in 30 seconds ahead of another St. Cloud resident, Bill Sirois, and his winning time of 11 hours for the $12-mile course was 1:36:20 better than his record of a year ago.

BRIDGE The Blue Team from ITALY won the World Team Olympiad (*page 57*) in Deauville, France, with the U.S. placing second. In the women's competition SWEDEN was first, South Africa second and the U.S. third.

GOLF The team title at the NCAA championships in Las Cruces, N. Mex., was won by FLORIDA, the individual honors by GRIER JONES of Oklahoma State (*page 48*).

Lefty BOB CHARLES of New Zealand shot a final-round 66 to wind up with a 72-hole total of 274 and a two-stroke victory over Jack Nicklaus at the Canadian Open in Toronto.

HARNESS RACING A world record for 3-year-old trotting colts competing on a half-mile oval was set by NEVELE PRIDE, who won the mile-long $15,100 Battle of Saratoga at Saratoga Raceway in 2:01. Nevele Pride's time was two-fifths of a second faster than the previous mark set by Gallorphine at Delaware, Ohio, in 1955 and enabled him to finish 3¼ lengths in front of Fashion Hill.

At Roosevelt Raceway, the American Trotting Championship went to CARLISLE ($4.80), who had a 1½-length edge over Real Speed at the finish line.

HORSE RACING DARK MIRAGE ($2.20) became the first winner of New York's Triple Crown for Fillies by adding a victory in the Coaching Club American Oaks at Belmont to previous ones in the Acorn and Mother Goose. She ran the 1¼ miles in stakes record time of 2:01.8, outdistancing Gay Matelda by a dozen lengths.

Tamed Iron Ruler finished three-quarters of a length behind EXCLUSIVE NATIVE ($15) in the $108,000 Arlington Classic at Arlington Park.

The 109th running of the Queen's Plate at Woodbine in Etobicoke, Ont., was taken by MERGER, winner by a neck over Big Blunder.

HAROUÉ finished first in the $150,697 Grand Steeplechase de Paris at Auteuil, winning in eight lengths in front of Parander.

MOTOR SPORTS JACKIE STEWART of Scotland drove a Matra-Ford to victory in the 234-mile Dutch Grand Prix in Zandvoort, The Netherlands. Jean-Pierre Beltoise of France was second in another Matra. Stewart's win put him in second place in the overall championship standings with a total of 12 points, half as many as leader Graham Hill of Great Britain.

SOCCER NASL: Scoring was heavier than usual with a 6-5 win by CHICAGO over Boston ranking as the month's offensive game of the week. John Kowalik and Peter Sulincevki each scored two goals in that game for the victorious Mustangs, who remained atop the Lakes Division of the Eastern Conference. CLEVELAND (10-1-2) picked up two points on the Mustangs' but still trailed by 10. TORONTO had two losses and a tie. DETROIT did not play. In the Atlantic Division, ATLANTA (11-1) held a 19-point lead over NEW YORK, which played two ties. WASHINGTON beat Toronto 1-0 on a goal with two seconds left to play by Antonio deOliveira, who also came up with the only score in a game against Baltimore. Last-place BOSTON had a loss and a tie. Two goals by Emi St. Nil enabled BALTIMORE to upset Atlanta 2-0. No one though scored more often than did Eric Barbet of KANSAS CITY. He had four goals in a 6-1 win over Dallas, a victory that gave the Spurs a 12-point lead in the Western Conference's Gulf Division. Second-place HOUSTON played one tie. ST. LOUIS won its only game and DALLAS had a loss and a tie. Pacific Division leader SAN DIEGO came from behind to tie New York and led OAKLAND (0-0-1) by 14 points. LOS ANGELES stopped Toronto 3-0 and VANCOUVER lost to St. Louis 3-1.

SOFTBALL A team of all-stars from leagues across the country won the first slow-pitch tournament, losing to Detroit 27-6 in the opener, then taking the next three games 7-5, 6-0 and 15-9 in Parma, Ohio.

TENNIS Co-winners were declared in the London grass-court championships after rain forced cancellation of the final round of play. Sharing first place in the men's singles were amateurs TOM OKKER of The Netherlands and CLARK GRAEBNER of the U.S., both upset victors over two of the leading professionals. Okker overcame Australian Rod Laver, who is seeded No. 1 for this week's Wimbledon tournament, 6-4, 6-4. Graebner disposed of Australian Roy Emerson, No. 5 seed for Wimbledon, 11-9, 6-3. NANCY RICHEY of the U.S., an amateur, and MRS. ANN HAYDON JONES of Great Britain, a professional, shared first place in the women's competition.

STAN SMITH and BOB LUTZ led USC to its third straight NCAA championship, the two of them combining to win the doubles and Smith taking the singles by beating his teammate who was the defending titlist, 3-6, 6-1, 6-0, 6-2.

TRACK & FIELD Twelve records, one world, one American and 10 meet marks, were set at the AAU championships in Sacramento (*page 32*). CHARLIE GREENE, JIM HINES and RONNIE RAY SMITH all ran preliminary heats in the 100-meter dash in 9.9, the first time the 10-second barrier has been broken. Greene then went on to win the finals in 10 flat. It was GEORGE YOUNG, however, who was named the outstanding athlete of the meet. Young ran the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 8:30.5, lowering the year-old American mark of 8:32.4 set by Pat Traynor. Those who set meet records in the running events were: TOMMIE SMITH (20.1 for 200 meters), LEE EVANS (45.0 for 400 meters), RON WHITNEY (49.6 for the 400-meter hurdles), WADE BELL (1:45.5 for 800 meters), TRACY SMITH (28:47.0 for 10,000 meters), DON DESNOON (12:37.9 for the 3,000-meter walk) and BOB DAY (13:50.4 for 5,000 meters). In the field events meet records were established by ART WALKER (53-9¾" in the triple jump), BOB BEAMON (27-4" in the long jump) and RANDY MATSON (167-5" in the shotputt).

Russian Javelin Thrower JANIS LUSIS came up with a world record throw of 301-9¾" at a meet in Saarijarvi, Finland, surpassing the mark of 300-11" set four years ago by Terje Pedersen of Norway.

WEIGHT LIFTING A world record for the press was set by Ruslan Mukhlevsky of Middleweight VIKTOR KURENTZOV, who surpassed his own mark of 353 pounds by lifting a total of 354.9 pounds in Leningrad.

MILEPOSTS AGREED: By AAU President David A. Matlin and Executive Director Donald Hull, to sign an application for international approval of Jim Ryun's controversial 1:44.9 for the 880-yard run. The lack of their signatures and subsequent approval by the International Track and Field Federation are all that have kept Ryun's time from being recognized as a world record. He set the mark two years ago, but AAU officials refused to submit it as a world record because the race had been conducted by the rival U.S. Track and Field Federation. The belated approval by Matlin and Hull was prompted by the forceful urging of members of the AAU track and field committee.

NAMED: As general manager of the San Diego Rockets of the NBA, PETE NEWELL, 52, who had been athletic director at California since 1960 and basketball coach there for six years prior to that. Newell, whose 1959 team won the NCAA title, was coach of the U.S. Olympic basketball squad, which went undefeated and took the gold medal in 1960.

NAMED: As athletic director at Navy, CAPTAIN J. O. COPPEDGE, a former letterman in football and wrestling at the academy. He replaces Captain Alan R. Cameron, who completed the standard three-year tour of duty in the job.

TRADED: The New Orleans Buccaneers of the AFL sent DOUG MOE, 29, a 6'-5" forward who was second in the league in scoring last season with a 24.2 average, and LARRY BROWN, 27, a 5'-9" guard who led the league in assists with 506, to the Oakland Oaks. In return the Buccaneers received three younger players: RON FRANZ, 22, a 6'-7" forward; STEVE JONES, 25, a 6'-2" forward and BARRY LIEBOWITZ, 21, a 6'-3" guard.

SIGNED: By the Chicago Bulls of the NBA, 7'-240-pound Center DAVE NEWMARK of Columbia, who because he had been stolen by mysterious circumstances two years ago, had another season of collegiate eligibility left.

CREDITS

4 [illegible] 13 [illegible] 28, 29 Herb Scharfman 31 [illegible] 32 Bailey Photography Photos 33 [illegible] 40 H. Wells 41 AP 45 Herb Scharfman 48 Arthur Shay 51 Jean Morgan 54 Chimus Van Gerichtenschmidt 55-63 Lynn Pelham Rapho Gillumette 67 Roy DeCarava 68—fourth down, Ha Bodey 69 Fred Kaplan

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE HEILMAN, 9, of Fort Lauderdale, Fla., who took up judo four years ago because an older boy used to pick on him, won the lightweight division for his age group at the Midwestern AAU meet in Detroit, plus a trophy for sportsmanship and ability.



MORRIS NIXON of Lebanon, Ohio, who at the age of 81 is the oldest licensed harness driver in the country, won his opening race of the year by driving Kathy N. to a one-length win in a condition pace, thus picking up his first victory since 1966.



KAREN HANSSEN, 12, of Lake San Marcos, Calif., set three national age-group swimming records, covering the 100-meter freestyle (short course) in 1:03.6, the 50-meter freestyle (short course) in 28.6 and the 50-meter backstroke (short course) in 33.8.



WALLACE (Pete) TOWNSEND JR., a 14-year-old golfer from Georgetown, Del., who began playing just a year ago, shot two holes-in-one on the same day, both on par-3 holes, first sinking a 200-yard shot and then, three holes later, a 170-yarder.



MRS. LIZ McCAIN, who has been coaching the girls' track and field squad at Siuslaw High School in Florence, Ore., since 1964, concluded her fifth undefeated season in a row during which time her teams have won a total of 31 meets in their district.



RANDY BENSON, whose father is the pitching coach for the Cincinnati Reds, had an 0.00 ERA for 79⅓ innings for East Rowan [N.C.] High, pitched three no-hitters, five one-hitters and then, in the state's Western AA championship contest, hurled a perfect game.

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How to translate a Scotch label.

All right, from top to bottom:

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Gold Bar means we are absolutely committed to 18 karat excellence.

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Blended Scotch Whisky, as opposed to unblended Scotch whiskey, tells you we've harmonized a number of light whiskies into one lovely Scotch tune.

All of these whiskies were Produced in Scotland, of course. And they're 100% Scotch Whiskies (A nip of the Irish would be interesting. Though a Scotch-Irish on the rocks might prove stormy.)

All Extra Quality? We've got the bills to prove it.

'8 Years Old' is worth signaling in red, we think. That extra couple of years Martin's takes to age smoothes the taste no end.

Martin's is a full 86.8 proof, of course. And it's blended and bottled in Scotland.

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And finally, James Martin & Co. Ltd. has been creating an estimable Scotch since 1878, in the classic old distillery town of Leith.

End of translation from the Scotch.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

UNCANNY

Sirs

What an article about what a man and wife (*A Firm Hand on a Carefree Cat*, June 17)! And how timely can you get?

Lee Trevino is the greatest thing to happen to golf since the sand wedge. Man, how his color and tough fiber stand out among our "golf executive" tournament pros, including that group decked out like a bunch of drunk piano tuners who can't hack it when the situation gets really hairy.

FRANCIS STUBBS

Winter Park, Fla.

Sirs:

You must have known something when you ran the feature story on Golfer Lee Trevino in the week of the U.S. Open, which he went on to win so dramatically. Your timing was uncanny. Congratulations.

SOL PERRIS

Bronx, N.Y.

BOUQUETS AND A BRICKBAT

Sirs

I appreciated very much the article by Danny Blanchflower (*Just One Truth for Me*, June 10). I never played soccer and have seen only a very few matches, except on TV. This lack of familiarity with the game resulted in very little interest or appreciation of soccer, but Mr. Blanchflower's commentary was noteworthy because of its refreshing candor and because it contributed greatly to my efforts to understand the game.

Mr. Blanchflower hit the nail on the head when he not only deplored the general attitude of TV toward sports and the public but accurately pointed out that "the public knows most sports television has a deliberate phoniness about it."

A case in point was a recent *Game of the Week* broadcast. Tim McCarver, Cardinal catcher, was running down a foul pop. As he neared the dugout steps, several Cardinals moved to catch him in case he fell. Mr. Peewee Reese noted this and added something to the effect that, if McCarver had been in the vicinity of the Mets' dugout, he would have been accorded the same solicitous attention. Baseball, we were given to understand, was a game of gentlemen and sportsmen—a not-whether-you-won-or-lost-but-how-you-played-the-game sort of thing.

A few moments later J. C. Martin of the Mets found himself pursuing a foul near the same Cardinal dugout. But, as he neared the steps, not a single Cardinal moved a muscle, epitomizing what we all know about baseball: the name of the game is *win*. There was no comment by Mr. Reese.

We are constantly being told, *ad infinitum, ad nauseam*, that something is wrong with this nation, that our young people are sick (this college professor professes that they ain't). Well, one thing that is certain is that we are pretty sick of not being told the whole truth—a fact that is obvious to discerning watchers of TV.

JOHN PANCAKE

Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sirs

In a society and world that have come to admire and worship mediocrity, athletics remains one of the relatively few fields of human endeavor where excellence is still the only criterion of judgment. Danny Blanchflower tells us just how close to extinction this last sanctuary of real values is. His words, "just one truth for me," mark him as a true champion of that morality which must govern not only sport but life as well.

GEORGE LENGVARI

Paris

Sirs

SI has spoiled its own record for demanding integrity in the sports world and championing the cause of good sportsmanship. Photographer Jerry Cooke's obvious delight in his subterfuge and success in breaking the rules forbidding photography at Royal Ascot, and his ridicule of this British tradition (LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, June 17), place him in the same class with those people who feel justified in disregarding laws which are not to their liking or which interfere with their pursuit of success. For you to publish the report of Mr. Cooke's unsportsmanlike behavior is to condone his tactics and to subscribe to the philosophy that the end justifies the means.

While other magazines and news media devote their efforts to exposing sickness in our society, it has always been refreshing to spend a few hours each week with SI, reading about the basically healthy world of sports. Now I'm forced to wonder. Don't you demand the same high standards of conduct from your staff as you do from figures in the sporting world?

ANNE C. THOMPSON

Evanston, Ill.

TEDDY BALLGAME

Sirs

I first met Ted Williams in 1947 when he lived down the street from me in Brighton (a suburb of Boston). Our mutual bond was photography, and we became fast friends because of this interest. Ted is actually a fine photographer, although today fishing takes up most of his time. Because he knew that I wouldn't try to sell any pictures I took of him or his family, I was the only one allowed to photograph his daughter, Bobby Jo, when she was a baby. SI used one of these pictures in the second installment (*Hitting Was My Life*, June 10 *et seq.*).

I got a great kick out of reading how he refers to himself several times in his story as Teddy Ballgame. This is a nickname that my oldest son, Lee (now 11), gave to him when he first met Ted in 1961, at the age of 4. Being a close personal friend of Ted's, I regularly visited him at his home, often taking Lee along with me. The first time he was introduced to Ted he said, "Hi, Teddy Ballgame," and Ted cracked up. From that time on that's the name we used in referring to him, and Ted likes to use it sometimes in referring to himself.

I'm enclosing a picture (*below*) of Lee hitting a balloon with his favorite toy bat, while Ted talks on the phone. Incidentally, Lee is now playing for the Bank of Marin, a Little League team here in San Rafael (most of their home games are played at San Quentin's field), and he's hitting almost .500 and playing a real great center field.

FRED KAPLAN

San Rafael, Calif.

Sirs:

A man of Ted Williams' stature hands you the best baseball memoirs ever published, and you don't even put his picture on the cover!

BILL UZZLE

Raleigh, N.C.

● Wait till next week.—ED.

THIN SPREAD

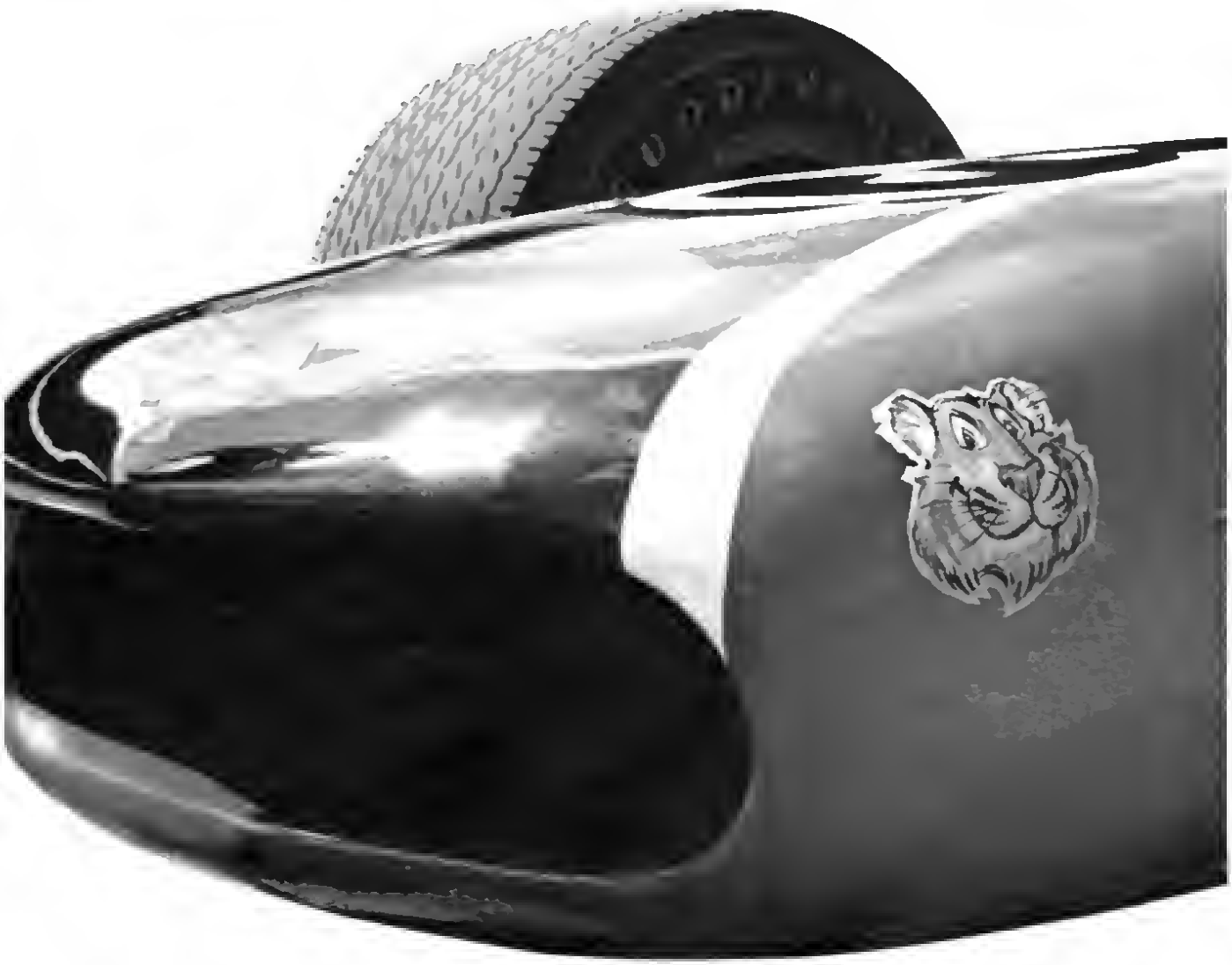
Sirs

Are there any sound reasons for making baseball a commercial issue? I believe the

continued



Bobby Unser wins the "Indy 500!"



USAC

This event was conducted under the auspices of the United States Auto Club



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You can bet "Indy" winner Bobby Unser is casting his vote for the Tiger. Because the Enco Tiger powered Bobby into the winner's circle at Indianapolis with an average speed of more than 152 miles per hour. And in a car with a conventional piston-driven engine, similar to the engine in your own car.

Whichever way your sentiments lie in the great Tiger Election, we hope you'll stop by your nearest Enco station soon. While you're there, fill up with High-energy Enco Extra. The same people who blend Bobby Unser's racing fuel and provide him with special lubricants also blend this great premium gasoline for extra power, cleaner engines at the Sign of "Happy Motoring."® Two more good reasons why Bobby Unser votes for the Tiger.

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expansion policy of both leagues is quite illogical. The economic "benefits" will only hinder the national game. The extra cash will glorify the name of baseball, but it will not help its quality. Old pros will continue to play two to three years beyond their span. The younger players will see major league action two to three years before they are ready. Each team will be leveled with players who have limited ability, and the action will be dull as compared to the present-day game. The result will be quantity baseball.

True, there will be new parks. The developments will be scenic, and more people will get the opportunity to see big-league baseball. But will it be big-league baseball? Does our country need the inflation that this expansion will bring, or does it need a national pastime? These are the questions that the major league owners should ask themselves.

ANTHONY J. IACONI

Superior, WIS.

MAN WITH A MISSION

Sirs:

After reading the article "Start of a Campaign" in SCORECARD (May 13), I have the feeling that the reporter doubted my statement that "if a certain number of serious individuals were to urge me to seek the presidency of the Olympic movement at the October election in Mexico, I could only accept, even if, in the event that I would be elected president, I found myself obliged to neglect my personal affairs. . ."

Let me assure you that I do not intend to change a single word, as I am absolutely determined to follow the lines mentioned. If I am elected president of the International Olympic Committee, you can be certain that I will not change my mind and would devote myself entirely to the great mission then entrusted to me.

JEAN DE BEAUMONT
President, French
Olympic Committee

Paris

DUCK

Sirs:

Although your baseball articles are normally good, I must object to Mark Mulvoy's obviously biased story, *The Giants Find It Tough* (June 10). First, films of the game showed that Dietz did *not* try to get out of the way of Don Drysdale's pitch. Because a rule is "seldom remembered," this does not mean that it should be ignored. Umpire Wendelstedt should be commended for his courage and knowledge of the rules.

Mr. Mulvoy certainly has the right to be a Giant fan, if he likes. Unfortunately, his type of writing belongs to booster-club papers, not in a national magazine.

RICK ANDERSON

Seattle



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